

THE
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND BELLES LETTRES.

VOL. XXII.

OCTOBER, 1836.

No. 140.

	Page		Page
1 The present Crisis of Spain	309	Prize List of the Edinburgh	
2 Agricultural Committee of		Academy—The Tailors, a	
1836 - - - -	319	Tragedy for Warm Wea-	
3 The Dervises - - -	325	ther, with designs by Cruik-	
4 The Man of Two Lives -	331	shank—Adventures of Bil-	
5 History of the Ancient Phi-		berry Thurland—Mr. Mid-	
losophy - - - -	347	shipman Easy—Abbott's	
6 Twilight Musings - -	354	Works Abridged—Bell-	
7 The Watch-Tower of Koat-		chambers's Biographical	
Ven - - - -	355	Dictionary—Remarks on	
8 A Fragment - - -	365	our Foreign Policy—The	
9 Letters from a Continental		Great Teacher--The Young	
Tourist - - - -	368	Divine—The Works of Sal-	
10 Lines on the late N. M.		lust—Progressive Exer-	
Rothschild - - -	375	cises in English Grammar,	
11 Principle and no Principle	376	Composition, and Rheto-	
12 Philoctetes in Lemnos -	380	rical Reading—Letters of	
13 New school of History in		Dr. Sigmond and Mr. Pet-	
France - - - -	381	tigrew on the Management	
14 The Fine Arts - - -	389	of the Charing Cross Hos-	
15 MONTHLY REVIEW OF		pital - - - -	390
LITERATURE—Memorials		16 Theatrical Intelligence -	409
of Mrs. Hemans—The		17 Notes of the Month - -	413
Mammon of Unrighteous-		18 Varieties, scientific & amusing	417
ness—Popular Songs of		19 Literary Notices - -	420
the Germans—Report and			

LONDON:

SHERWOOD, GILBERT, AND PIPER,

PATERNOSTER ROW.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"THE History of Incidents" is incomplete, and on other accounts will not suit us. "The Last Vacation," we are sorry to say, is still too long, and, as it will not bear further curtailment, we must decline it. "Are you a Tory?" would be witty in prose; its author minds neither metre nor rhyme. "Umbra's" and "Robin Hood's" verses have been read; but to them and others we are obliged to say that *we cannot promise to return short pieces of poetry*. We thank our Newcastle friend. "E. S. D.'s" visit to St. Peter's will appear in our next.

Many reviews of books have been necessarily deferred, owing to want of space; but we have not forgotten them.

. The cordial co-operation of all persons interested in literature and science, and of such as are connected with scientific or popular institutions in the provinces as well as in London, is especially requested—as it is the particular desire of the proprietor to make this Magazine an efficient organ of scientific and general education no less than of the lighter department of literature. All communications to be addressed to the "Editor of the Monthly Magazine, 12, Warwick Square, London."

ON THE PRESENT CRISIS OF SPAIN :

ITS REAL CAUSE AND ITS MOST PROBABLE RESULTS, IN CONNEXION
WITH THE PRESENT STATE OF FRANCE AND EUROPE.

DURING the last fifty years the Spanish peninsula has been, unfortunately, the subject of many severe domestic and foreign trials, and has been visited by all sorts of heavy calamities. The weakness, ignorance, and superstition of its queen-governed and monk-ridden monarch Charles IV., the ruinous and inconsistent dictatorship of the parvenu musical Cupid, Don Manuel Godoy, prince of the peace, and the brutality of the Holy Inquisition, led the way to its political degradation and national distress.

In 1789, when kingly despotism and spoliation, aristocratic selfishness and insolence, and ecclesiastical domination and craftiness, produced that popular eruption which destroyed the French Bastille and buried under its ruins the absolute monarchical institutions of France, the electric revolutionary fluid from the Parisian volcano soon crossed the Pyrenees, and, communicating a vivid shock to the oppressed descendants of the Moors, awoke in their minds a certain sense of their national honour. But as the naturally interested supporters of all despotic governments, the priests and monks, declared themselves in favour of the queen and her Cicisbeo Godoy, the reign of oppression and spoliation were permitted to continue in spite of all reclamations.

In fact, the political system of Godoy was at that epoch foolish and inconsistent. Spain at first remained neutral with regard to France; afterwards its armies marched against the republicans, and then Spain and France formed a league which of course involved the peninsula, and caused the annihilation of the Spanish navy and the loss of all the resources which the mother-country derived from its American possessions.

However, the national misfortunes and distress of Spain did not prevent Godoy from taking great care of his own private interests, and, notwithstanding the national troubles, he kept the most splendid,

costly, and princely establishment, and amassed a colossal fortune of nearly forty millions sterling.

In 1807, Napoleon having formed the project of adding the Spanish peninsula to his usurpations, by diplomatic stratagems, and through political intrigues, and the instrumentality of Godoy, sent into that kingdom, under the plea of invading Portugal for the benefit of France and Spain, more than 100,000 troops; and they were of course received and treated as friends and allies. However, the eyes of the nation began to see, alas! too late, that Napoleon wished to possess himself of their country before his promised division of Portugal, and this having produced great dissensions between the king, the prince of Asturias, and the people, Charles IV. was almost forced to abdicate in favour of his son Ferdinand. Then the French fomented this agitation, and caused a partial civil war between the partisans of Charles and those of his son, and, the popular indignation having openly manifested itself against the treacherous Godoy, he would have certainly paid with his life the penalty of his crimes had not the French authorities interposed, and seized and imprisoned the prince of the peace, with the promise of delivering him to his national judges as soon as his trial should be fixed.

At this period Napoleon cunningly offered his mediation between the contending parties, and engaged the old king to retire to France during the negotiations. Soon after Ferdinand was also decoyed, and brought to meet his father and family, and then Godoy was at last secretly transported thither to accomplish the projects of Napoleon. In fact, shortly after this, Charles IV., persuaded by Godoy and the queen, forced Ferdinand to lay down the crown, and to join him with the other infants in the abdication of the kingdom of Spain which he was about to make in favour of Napoleon. After some difficulty, this being obtained of Ferdinand and his brothers, the act of abdication was solemnly ratified and signed; and thus the Spanish peninsula became the prey of Napoleon through the imbecility of its court and the treachery of Godoy. Joseph Bonaparte was recalled from the kingdom of Naples, where he had already become an object of national hatred in consequence of his despotism and depredations, and he was now created by his brother *nominal* king of Spain, and sent thither to pursue the same system which he had followed in Naples, that is to say, to plunder the country for the benefit of France and his own private interest.

But the Spanish nation felt too degraded by so infamous a transaction quietly to consent to submit to the French yoke, and, being well seconded by the priests and monks, they rose simultaneously in arms against their oppressors. The duke of Infantado put himself at the head of the national junta, and, having proclaimed Ferdinand VII. as king of Spain, assumed the reins of government in his stead; and then began that truly national peninsular warfare of extermination and plunder during which France lost nearly half a million of men, the flower of its armies; but its generals and governors plundered the Spanish dominions, and were not satisfied with all its gold and silver, for with the exception of its fine buildings and churches, which they could not carry off, they literally took away from Spain all that was worth any thing. Murat, Beauharnais, Grouchy, Bessieres, Massena, Suchet, Soult, Ney, Sebastiani, and many others became immensely wealthy by their services during the peninsular war. As for brother Joseph, he was not a man to be last in the career of accumulating wealth, and consequently his private fortune was much increased in Spain.

As it is easily to be imagined the richer the French oppressors grew the greater became the pecuniary difficulties of the oppressed Spaniards; but a true patriotic enthusiasm and the hatred of a foreign yoke increased their courage, and made them struggle with perseverance and hope for their national independence; and at last supported by the powerful co-operation and assistance of the English troops, they succeeded in driving from their country the cruel and rapacious French invaders. In the meanwhile the national junta of Spain in 1812 calmly and deliberately framed a constitution which was to be the future palladium of the Spanish nation, and it was proclaimed and acknowledged as the national charter in Cadiz, and in all the towns, districts, and provinces, which were not in possession of the French.

When Ferdinand VII. re-entered Spain to resume the crown which had cost his subjects such numberless sacrifices of life and property, he promised to reign according to the constitution of 1812, and proclaimed a general amnesty; and hence his return was hailed with joy and acclamation. As soon, however, as the sun of Marengo and Austerlitz ceased to shine over the eagles of the ambitious king-de-throner and king-maker of Europe, when conquered Napoleon, like a new Prometheus, was nailed to the immortal rock of St. Helena

Ferdinand's naturally despotic inclinations were put in action by the royal despots of Austria, Prussia, and Russia, and then the Constitution, Cortes, amnesty, and all his royal promises were plunged in everlasting oblivion, and the Inquisition, despotism, and oppression became the sole supporters of his government. This sudden unexpected reaction set to work the Spanish executioners, crammed the prisons with victims, caused the expatriation of the most enlightened and popular Spaniards, and hastened the rebellion of the Spanish American colonies, a disaster which greatly increased the difficulties of the Spanish treasury.

Ferdinand, however, was not reclining on a bed of roses during his absolute government. Discontent and agitation were making rapid progress : now and then the appearance of a patriotic Guerilla put in commotion all his satellites, and a crisis was gradually preparing. The exiled patriots succeeded at last in kindling within the hearts of their friends who had remained in Spain the sacred fire of liberty, and thus, in 1820, a military conspiracy was set on foot under the direction of the brave but unfortunate general Riego, and the petticoat-making king, Ferdinand, forced by necessity, and advised by his minister Ballasteros, publicly acknowledged the constitution of 1812, and afterwards solemnly swore to its maintenance, and thus the National Cortes again reassembled, and all appeared to promise well for the future happiness and prosperity of Spain.

In fact, notwithstanding the great obstacles which the Cortes met with at home and abroad, economy and regularity were introduced into every branch of the civil and military administration, the immense revenues of the church were partly appropriated for the benefit of the nation, the demoralizing wealth of the idle and crafty monks became national property, the Inquisition and its brutal appendages were abolished, and in their stead individual and civil liberty was proclaimed, and, to repair the financial ruin brought on the country by the extravagance of the absolute monarchy, an advantageous loan was contracted by the Cortes, and public credit was in some way re-established.

How soon, alas ! was every hope of the constitutionalists blasted ! The mock constitutional king from within, and the kingly despots from without, could not bear the existence of a popular government in the peninsula, and soon began secretly to conspire against its welfare. The nobility and the ecclesiastical harpies of Spain reluctantly obeyed the existing laws, and Ferdinand secretly implored his cousin

despots to relieve him from the control of the nation. A natural calamity, the plague, unfortunately broke out at this time in Spain, which made great ravages in the peninsula, and the superstitious monks purposely ascribed it to the wrath of heaven, which was averse to the constitution, and thus the ignorant Spaniards were led to believe the existing state of things to be against the will of God. Then Villele was charged by Metternich, Nesselrode, and Ancillon, to put an end to the Spanish popular constitution and to liberate the martyr king from the Cortes; and thus the unjust French invasion of 1823 took place, and Ferdinand VII. was again restored to his absolute despotism, when all those who had relied on the oaths of their king fell victims to his tyranny and revenge. This new French crusade aggravated the evils of Spain; new ruinous loans were contracted by the king to defray the expenses of his French liberators, and in consequence the Spanish credit was greatly involved; but the monarch, his satellites, and the contracting Jews, gained immense wealth from the losses of the imprudent speculators. Aguado alone, the agent of Ferdinand, realized thirty millions of francs for his *share*.

When in 1830 France expelled from the throne the elder branch of Bourbon, and Paris foolishly gave the crown to the bastard branch of Valois, Ferdinand VII. was again threatened with a general reaction, and his throne was tottering under his feet, because the Spanish patriots, in imitation of the French, had decided on re-establishing their popular constitution. The frontiers of Spain were soon visited by the principal military and civil Spanish exiles, and patriotic corps of Gallo-Spanish troops were forming in order to cross the Bidossoa, and thus kindle again in the breasts of the oppressed Spaniards the sacred fire of liberty and national independence.

Louis Philippe, however, and his *juste milieu* tools, under the appearance of forwarding the success of the Spanish patriots, indirectly paralysed all their operations, and ultimately frustrated their most sanguine hopes. Casimir Perier, Guizot, Molé, Sebastiani, and Gerard, with the citizen-king at their head, advised Ferdinand to make some concessions, and to mitigate his tyrannical despotism, but as for their urging the turn-coat king of Spain to re-establish the constitution it was a thing not to be expected from such mediators, who, on the contrary, would have been greatly displeased had a popular government been introduced in the Spanish peninsula.

In 1832, Ferdinand having been suddenly taken very dangerously

ill, Christina, his young queen, took the government into her own hands, and apparently showed herself favourable to liberal measures, proposed several ameliorations, and certainly reformed some of the most disgusting abuses. In the meanwhile, taking advantage of her position and power, she persuaded her gouty sire to change the order of succession by re-establishing the Salic law, and thus to deprive Don Carlos from succeeding Ferdinand in case she should not have a male infant. Ferdinand accordingly granted her request, and this act may be considered as the beginning of the present civil Spanish warfare. All-powerful death having at last put an end to Ferdinand's infamous career, Spain was freed from one of its worst inhabitants and from its greatest tyrant and scourge. At the demise of Ferdinand, Christina became regent, and her infant daughter was proclaimed and acknowledged queen of Spain by all the authorities, with the exception of Don Carlos and his partisans, who publicly protested against this act, and soon after civil war openly broke out in several provinces. Shortly after this period Don Carlos with all his family retired into Portugal, whence he fomented the civil discord raised by his party. The little energy and the almost inactivity which the regent showed in adopting strong and decisive measures to extinguish the Carlists increased the evil, and the civil warfare made progress, and began to rage with fury and success in the Bas-tan and in other provinces of the north of Spain.

In these trying circumstances, Christina, like all her predecessors, was in great want of money to keep up her government and to carry on the war; consequently the rapacious Jews were again allowed to increase the debt of Spain, and to augment their wealth by making up a new loan for Christina.

However, when the Nero of Portugal, Don Miguel, was conquered and expelled from the throne which he had unjustly and sacrilegiously usurped, Don Carlos not only was obliged to leave Portugal, but became a prisoner of war, and as such was brought to England to prevent him from fomenting civil discord and civil bloodshed in the peninsula. But, although every body till then considered Don Carlos to be nothing more than a bigoted fool, he proved himself so clever as to be capable of duping Talleyrand, Palmerston, and all the French police, and it was discovered, to the surprise of all parties, that while he was thought to be in London he had been unaccount-

ably smuggled, and was actually at the head of his partisans in the Bastan. From that epoch the state of Spain has been truly dreadful; for civil war has been carried on on both sides with vindictive and unparalleled cruelty. But it must be acknowledged that the Carlists have gained during the struggle both ground and strength, while the Christinos have failed in all their attempts to put down the pretender, notwithstanding the great help of the quadruple treaty and the foreign auxiliary corps which have gone to support them from England, France, Belgium, and Portugal.

This state of civil discord and warfare, the inconsistent system of *juste milieu* introduced from France, and the frequent changes of ministry, with their useless projects heretofore adopted to restore tranquillity and prosperity in Spain, have at last produced another revolutionary crisis, and the constitution of 1812, which had cost Spain so much blood, has been again proclaimed as the palladium of the Spanish nation, and has been prudently acknowledged by the regent and all her ministers, who have also officially convoked the Cortes for the 24th of the present month.

These are the historical events which we have thought it to be our duty to present to our readers before we undertake briefly to speak of what we think will be the result of the present Spanish crisis.

And first of all we have no hesitation in stating our belief that *Maria Christina is not sincere in her apparent attachment to the constitution of 1812*. Moreover, we boldly assert that, if great care be not taken, the Spanish regent will in course of time imitate the treacherous example of her perjured husband; and we assert this boldly, because the disease of perjury appears to us to be hereditary in her family, as she is the grand-daughter of the late perjured Ferdinand I., daughter of the late perjured Francis I., sister of the present perjured Ferdinand II. of Naples, and niece of the present perjured king of the French, to whom, it is confidently reported, she has secretly applied for help and advice, and therefore we say to the Cortes and to the Spanish nation: *Consulite ne quid detrimenti republica capiat*.

While we deeply and sincerely deplore the excesses that have occurred in Madrid and in other towns of Spain during the present crisis, we consider them as the natural consequence of a sudden popular eruption, but not as indications of a permanent disorder and

anarchy ; besides, taught by experience, we apprehend that those excesses have been perpetrated at the secret instigation of the party opposed to the new state of affairs, and therefore we earnestly recommend those that are entrusted with the executive power to adopt strong and prompt measures in order to organize the army, to strengthen the liberal party, and to force the clergy, their sworn enemies, to follow strictly their religious profession, without interfering in the least in worldly affairs, foreign to their calling. Don Carlos could not have so long maintained his Guerillas and his position in the north of Spain without the secret intrigues and powerful aid of the church.

A general unlimited amnesty ought also to be soon proclaimed, to show to the world that regenerated and free Spain opens her arms to all her children, and wishes to see them all united under the same standard for their common happiness and prosperity, and for their national glory, freedom, and independence.

During great national difficulties, great national sacrifices must be made in order to overcome them ; consequently it behoves the executive power to adopt every means temporarily to procure a sufficient supply of funds to carry on the government without having recourse to foreign loans, which necessarily ruin the nation ; and, as the property of the church is immense, a great part of it must be appropriated to the general welfare of the nation, and its sale will soon fill the coffers of the Spanish treasury.

The only real domestic enemy of Spain is the civil warfare, which is, unfortunately, committing great ravages amongst its inhabitants ; and it is the only enemy able, not only to paralyse, but also totally to frustrate, the good effects that would necessarily arise from its acknowledged popular constitution. It is therefore to that quarter that the Cortes must direct all their efforts ; and, if conciliatory means and just and reasonable representations prove ineffectual, then brute force and speedy coercion are to be employed to save the country from destruction. And here we must remark that Spain is at present very differently situated from what it was in 1823. Then the royal despots of Austria, Prussia, and Russia, were firmly seated on their absolute thrones, and France was groaning under the restoration. Now England has a reformed parliament, and its nation is the open and sincere friend of liberty and civilization. Austria is obliged to concentrate all its military and civil strength to keep in obedience Lombardy, Gallicia, and Hun-

gary. Prussia cannot rely on her oppressed Polish and Silesian possessions; and the emperor of Russia is not so powerful as he is commonly represented by those who are affected with the fashionable malady of Russo-phobia; in fact, the scantiness of the military resources of the czar was clearly proved during the late conquest of the Polish independence, where the Russian army would have been defeated by Polish valour had not Prussia and Austria helped the Muscovites, and had not bribery and treason frustrated the most sanguine hopes of Poland.

As for France, whatever may be the naturally despotic inclination of her present tyrant-king, she cannot interfere with safety and impunity against the popular constitution of Spain; and, although Louis Philippe has already shown openly to the world his utter want of principle and his infamous perfidy, he dares not condescend to the secret solicitations of his cousin despots of the north, and march an army against free Spain.

It is true that the citizen-king is at present surrounded by the most unpopular and most brutal ministers that ever disgraced a constitutional cabinet, and that at the head of his council figures Count Molé (unworthy descendant of Molé in the Fronde), the avowed friend of the despot potentates, and rather averse to England; but it is also certain that Louis Philippe cannot firmly rely either on the army or his brother shop-keepers and stock-jobbers of France, and much less on the people of Paris, who alone made him what he is because they were deceived by his promises and hypocrisy; and, if he were now madly to undertake the task of Villele towards Spain, a new revolution would soon put an end, not only to his tyranny, but to the whole of his unpopular family.

However the mock-patriot king of France, seconded by his tools Molé and Guizot, will probably attempt to undermine the popular government of Spain by the medium of his diplomatic agents. Diplomacy we consider one of the most dangerous and most immoral inventions of civilization, and as it is founded entirely on hypocrisy, cunning, and intrigue, we very seldom may expect from its effects any real advantage for the general well-being and prosperity of mankind.

In fact, Machiavelli says that *candour*, *honesty*, and *truth* must be perfect strangers to a good diplomatist; and for this reason Talleyand, Pozzo di Borgo, Nesselrode, Metternich, Guiseneau, and

Apponi, excel in diplomacy. Spies and common and private informers are justly reprobated, and their character is marked with the stamp of infamy in all civilized countries; but it is quite the reverse with diplomacy, because the greater is the *shrewdness, roguery, and duplicity* of a diplomatist, the more he will be esteemed by his employers and *by the diplomatic body*.

Diplomatists, therefore, are in their public capacity dangerous and immoral beings, and the atmosphere they breathe in and the persons with whom they associate are always to be approached with great prudence and caution. But, when a diplomatist represents a king who is already well known for his dishonesty and perfidy, his very appearance in a country during a national crisis must excite public alarm and general distrust; his movements and acts, nay, even his nods and signs, are to be carefully watched, to frustrate his treacherous machinations and to counteract his political intrigues and courtly snares.

Louis Philippe, during three weeks, has employed all his resources to find out among his creatures a devoted ambassador to whom he might confide his secret intentions with regard to the present crisis of Spain, and he has at last succeeded in selecting his man, and Count Septime de Latour Maubourg has been officially appointed ambassador to the court of Madrid. Were we to judge of this diplomatist from his past career, we must say that his nomination, accompanied by the official disbandment of the French legion which was forming in favour of the liberal party in Spain, speaks volumes against the sincerity of Louis Philippe towards the popular government of Spain. In fact, Count Septime de Latour Maubourg is the most servile tool of the King of the French, has always shown himself a doubtful friend of the people, and has acquired the reputation of being an artful politician. It is not unlikely, nay, it is more than probable, that this French plenipotentiary, before he leave Paris, will have received, not only from his master of the Tuilleries, but from the representatives of Austria, Russia, and Prussia, those instructions which generally originate from such channels, and the means of acting "double parts."

Diplomacy, then, is the only real foreign enemy that Spain has to contend with, and its ministers must beware of the foreign ambassadors, and of their friendly promises and mediation, because they are capable of assuming all sorts of faces and characters to deceive them.

The Spanish Cortes in the mean time fearlessly, boldly, and deliberately are to work out the regeneration of their distracted country, and by annihilating the temporal power of the priests and monks, by promoting useful knowledge and civilization amongst the lower classes, by encouraging industry and commerce, and, above all, by introducing order and economy in all the branches of the civil and military administration, and especially in the civil list, Spain may soon recover from its present embarrassments, and will in time do honour to all its foreign and domestic engagements, because the Spanish soil being the richest in Europe may work wonders in favour of its industrious and free inhabitants.

Since writing the above, the happy news has arrived that a glorious bloodless revolution has taken place in Lisbon, and that the troops having sided with the liberal party Donna Maria has been also compelled to proclaim the constitution of 1820. This popular crisis of Portugal is of the greatest advantage to Spain, as it will increase the difficulties of the despots of Europe, and must destroy the superstitious partisans of Don Carlos. Let us hope that all may soon be settled in the peninsula in favour of liberty, civilization, and independence.

THE AGRICULTURAL COMMITTEE OF 1836.

No subject has given rise to more discussion or has been less wisely treated by the legislature since the peace of 1815 than the landed interest of Great Britain. Until the passing of the Reform bill, a large majority of the House of Commons consisted of the landed gentry—country gentlemen biassed by their own and merely local interests in favour of measures injurious to the general body of farmers, and ruinous to every other part of the community; and thus, the ministers of the day were induced, nay compelled, by their supporters as the price of their ministerial votes—to bring forward or promote measures resorted to as a nostrum for the remedy of their own embarrassments. Different remedies for the evil have been suggested:—one proposes that the currency should be depreciated or a paper currency be substituted for cash payments; another would have ministers *force* up the price of corn to sixty shillings the quarter, that is, fourteen shillings higher than the average of the last four years, a third party seek a panacea of every evil in the abolition of the malt-tax; a fourth set would impose a tax on every class except their own. While the country gentlemen could secure majorities in the Commons, such measures would do to cajole the farmers into the notion that however others might be injured, they were really benefited; and the wise advice of more skilful economists that they should

rely on their own exertions for a deliverance from their self-entailed embarrassment and not on acts of parliament was treated with neglect and ridicule ; and now that times are changed, these self-willed partisans of a mistaken policy rave with all the fury of vexation and despair because wiser men of their own class unfold to the world the injustice and absurdity of their propositions. Times we say are changed :—there are commercial, manufacturing and monied interests, to be consulted as well as the landed interest ; and the country-gentleman can no longer hope to be preferred to every other class in the community :—the Marquis of Chandos himself—arch-farmer's friend as he is, cannot cure the malady with all his specifics . The landed men and the farmers must work out their own deliverance by reforming the luxurious habits consequent on war prices—by economizing labour generally,—if by machinery so much the better,—by adjusting rents to a scale proportionate to produce,—and by improving on the present method of cultivation. These are the means,—and we believe, the only means by which the distress of the agriculturists can be alleviated ; and we wish them to recollect that great encouragement is now offered to their honest endeavours by relieving the farmer from the pressure of tithes, removing many local burdens unfairly laid on him and by the improvements in the poor laws.

The numerous complaints made by the farmers and their representatives in parliament and the loud expressions of dissatisfaction with every measure of relief suggested or carried in the three previous sessions led to the appointment of a Committee of enquiry in February last which had for its special object the examination—not of land-agents, corn-factors or others who by any possibility might be wrongly biassed—but of men actually engaged in farming, men able to give a practical and intelligent judgment on agricultural affairs. How this committee was chosen and on what principle we cannot say :—but at any rate it contained a large portion of the old-fashioned twaddling and very obstinate gentlemen whose wish was to compel the legislature to sacrifice every other interest for their own ; and they were not likely to agree to any set of resolutions falling short of their own exalted views ; much less would they acknowledge with their intelligent and honest chairman—a man whose interests are bound up with their own,—that “the remedy for the present distresses is within the farmer's power” and that “industry and good management on his part with a generous forbearance on the part of his landlord will produce that result which it is in vain to seek (because not in their power to grant) from the government or the legislature.” Accordingly when Mr. Shaw Lefevre's report which embodied suggestions like those offered above was presented to the committee, (who in a previous stage might well have amended it), it was nearly unanimously rejected ; and thus the labours of about four months have ended in the mere accumulation of a little good and much useless evidence on this important subject. Under these circumstances it became incumbent on the chairman—who was grossly attacked and vilely misrepresented by the tory newspapers—to explain to his exclusively agricultural constituents of North-Hampshire the principles of his own conduct and if possible to convince them of its propriety.

We shall lay before our readers a few extracts from this excellent letter; and first of all let us hear what degree of encouragement seems to be afforded by several measures of relief passed during the last two sessions.

"Tithe, from its tendency to check improvement, has operated most prejudicially to the interests of agriculture. But a bill has just passed the legislature for its permanent commutation; tithe in kind has been abolished, and it will henceforth be charged on the estate of the landowner; and the farmer, having once made his arrangements with his landlord, may invest any portion of his capital in the improvement of his farm, with the certainty that he will derive the full benefit of its expenditure.

"The County Rate has already been the subject of enquiry before the Committees of the Houses of Lords and Commons, and as a member of the latter Committee, and also of a Commission appointed to consider especially what reductions can be made in that portion of the rate which is expended in prosecutions, I may state, with confidence, there is every prospect, when our recommendations can be carried into effect, of this Tax being so far reduced that its pressure will be but lightly felt by the Agriculturist.

"The Poor Rate has hitherto been a great burthen to the farmer in those districts in which agriculture has been depressed from other causes. Whenever an opportunity offered for obtaining satisfactory evidence of the working of the new Poor Law Bill, the Committee did not fail to take advantage of it; and it is gratifying to learn, from various parts of the country, that the effects of this measure have exceeded the anticipations of its most sanguine advocates.

"The moral effects of this important measure will be more beneficial to the agriculturist than the pecuniary relief: the agricultural labourer is already aware that, under the new system of administering relief, the parish must, in future, be his last, instead of his first resort, and there has, consequently, arisen in his mind a strong desire to work, and remain in the service of his employer.

The author then proceeds to combat some of the alleged arguments tending to prove the reality of Agricultural distress,—accounting satisfactorily for the low price of wheat as proceeding from increased cultivation not from importation out of Ireland or Scotland, and proving that the average scale of English wheat between 1831—34 was considerably greater than that between 1828—31. The ruinous consequences resulting from the non-adjustment of farm-rents to a standard remunerating to the tenant are ably exposed. Let Mr. Lefevre speak for himself:—

"In some districts, and more particularly in the case of farmers of small capital, distress has been aggravated by a continuance of high rents, and it is matter of deep regret that owing to the expectations held out, by the Corn Law of 1815, that permanent high prices could be obtained by legislative enactment, neither landlords nor tenants were prepared for that satisfactory adjustment of rent which ought to have been made at the termination of the war. Reductions in rent have been made from time to time, limited as was supposed by the necessities of the tenant; whereas, if considerable abatements had been made at once at that period, less upon the whole would have been required, the capital of the tenant would not have been diminished, and much of the present distress might have been averted.

"It has generally been supposed that excessive rents are only injurious to tenants under lease; but a moment's reflection will show that a tenant at will, who, owing to a fall in prices, cannot realize the same amount for his stock as when he entered upon his farm, is quite as dependent upon his landlord as a tenant on lease, and he will rather submit to the payment of too high a rent, in the hope of a recurrence of high prices, than hazard the loss of a consider-

able portion of his capital by a sale. Whenever rent begins to encroach upon the capital of the tenant, it becomes impossible for him to attempt any improvement on his farm; nor can he employ the labour necessary for its due cultivation; the land by over-cropping becomes gradually less productive, and is at last reduced to such a state of exhaustion that it will scarcely repay the expense of cultivation, without leaving any surplus for rent or profit.

"These observations are only applicable to those cases where farms have continued in the occupation of the same tenants at war rents, where the land has not been permanently improved by an expenditure of capital either on the part of the landlord or tenant, or where it has been taken under the expectation that a higher average price of wheat would be maintained than has been realized under the corn laws of 1828."

It appears that great pains were taken by the Committee to ascertain the comparative excellencies of the Scotch and English systems of tillage; and the result of the investigation seems to be highly in favour of Scotland. Of three English farmers, selected no doubt for skill in their profession, the most successful rated the expenses of cultivation at 3*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* per acre, rent, tithe, &c. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*, making a total of 5*l.* 5*s.* per acre. The lowest estimate sent in by three Scotch farmers was 2*l.* 1*s.*, rent, tithe, &c., 1*l.* 8*s.* 3*d.*,—total 3*l.* 9*s.* 3*d.* The estimates of produce as compared with the rental were considerably in favour of the English. This calculation, if it can be depended on, is quite decisive in favour of Scotch husbandry. Great benefit was thought to have been derived by the Scotch farmers from the practice of letting farms on long leases at a corn-rent; but as a corn-rent can only be useful to the farmer in abundant seasons, it was thought that a portion of the rent should be a fixed money payment,—the rest to vary with the price of the corn grown on the land.

The author then proceeds to discuss the subject of the malt-tax and the probable consequences of its reduction; but we cannot follow him through that argument. He ends it with a recommendation that the scale of duties on foreign corn should be reduced one half, and—as an offset—that half the malt duty should be relinquished; and he then goes on to say:—

"I am quite aware of the jealousy with which a proposition of this nature will be received by a numerous body of farmers; and to those gentlemen I would address myself, whilst I endeavour to show that the Corn Law of 1828 has been a delusion, and that under an altered system an equally high average during a series of years would in all probability be maintained. The avowed object of the Government who proposed that law was to secure a steady range of prices, varying (in wheat) from 60*s.* to 64*s.*; whereas it will be seen by a reference to the returns which have been laid before Parliament, in six years ending January 1836, the average price of wheat has not exceeded 54*s.* 7*d.*; and on an average of the last three years, 46*s.*; a variation in price that must have been ruinous to all farmers who have contracted engagements on the faith of the present law."

We must here close our remarks on Mr. Lefevre's pamphlet for the present; but as we conceive the whole matter to be highly important, we shall return to it next month and confirm the very sound conclusions of the chairman by copious extracts from the Evidence. We congratulate Mr. Lefevre very heartily on the manly and unreserved manner in which he has expressed his honest convictions in spite of a factious opposition from his fellow land-owners.

OF THE DERVISES.

[The following paper is translated and arranged from the writings of Count Andreossy, formerly ambassador to the Porte, M. Courray, an eminent orientalist, and M. Ruffin, a *détenu* at the Seven Towers during the French expedition to Egypt.]

As soon as Islamism had taken root in the East, religious orders known by the name of dervises grafted themselves upon it. The dervises have been compared to the monks of Catholicism ; but they have in truth a very remote resemblance to them.

The word *dervise*, indicating a class of poor by voluntary profession, signified originally, like the Arabic *faquir*, an indigent person without roof or home.* The founders of the first orders of dervises experienced great difficulties in introducing this novelty into Islamism. Restrained by the sentence, "*la ruhbanîetè fil Islam*"—no monkery in Islamism (a sentence conveying to every true Mussulman a national proverb and an article of faith), they were compelled scrupulously to avoid in their statutes all that bore the slightest resemblance to the monks of Christianity : they therefore refrained from imposing upon the dervises the obligation of taking irrevocable vows of the cloister and of celibacy, and the too rigid observance of abstinence and prayers. These new founders took for their model, on the contrary, the *bonzes* of China and the *dèboussi* of Persia, and, in imitation of these latter, tried to attract the gaze of the multitude by violent and extravagant exercises, dangerous and superhuman trials, and incredible macerations and austerities. But this was only a sacrifice of their predilections and opinions dictated by policy to the necessity of circumstances ; for their writings breathe the purest morality, and are enthusiastic in the praise of solitude and celibacy. The austerities of the monks are prescribed for the atonement of crimes and habitual errors, or as labours whereby to purchase the favours of another world ; but the dervises, in the abrogation of self, think only of annihilating themselves before their Creator, in order to be identified, if possible, even in this world with the Divinity : to be brief, it is the contemplative life carried beyond the limits of human perfectibility.

The Turkish dervises deduce their origin from Ali, and even from Abubekr, who was the first of the four caliphs who succeeded Mohammed. The fourth caliph, Ali, is however their reputed founder ; not as having himself instituted the order or erected the convents of dervises, but because he was the first Mussulman who renounced the goods of this world to devote them to the service of the poor. His example was followed by others, and thus a class of men was formed consecrated to the service of the destitute, and voluntarily reducing themselves, for their sake, to poverty. But this order of things is now

* *Dervise* is a Persian word composed of the substantive *dër*, gate, and the participle *rich*, extended, spread out : illustrative of the poor, who, for want of a lodging, lay themselves down at night in the gateways to rest there, rather more under shelter than in the open field.

inverted: instead of the rich giving to the poor, it is the poor who wear the garb of dervises to find means of subsistence. They habitually receive money from the Turks who solicit their prayers, and legacies from the pious, who seldom forget them in their last testaments. Persons of distinguished rank will likewise occasionally endow a convent with property in land.

The dervises also draw a further revenue from the ignorance and credulity of the people, by selling them amulets. When a child is ill they write his name and that of his mother, with a verse of the Koran, on a scrap of paper, which is hung round the neck of the invalid, with the idea that it will effect his recovery.

The son of a dervise, accustomed to the idle life of his father, generally becomes a dervise in his turn; and other Mussulmans embrace this profession, either from a deep religious feeling or from a love of change. Amongst the number of these latter is mentioned Surouri Effendi—*reis effendi*, who, under the reign of Selim I., abandoned the statesman's pursuits for the retirement of a simple dervise.

As soon as one sect of dervises was admitted numerous others appeared also: thirty-two founders of orders successively started up, rivalling each other in the whimsicality and extravagance of the ceremonies they instituted. These ceremonies, the exercise of which is now a complete charlatanism, form an amusement for the idle, for whom the dervises carefully go through the ritual of representation. Hypocrisy however so artfully extols these exertions as meritorious that there are still to be seen pious Mussulmans who, deceived by this brave show of penitence, form into parties and follow for a few minutes every day the rules and habits of the order in their own dwellings: and these superstitions have even reached some in the highest ranks. A devotional excess of this nature is indeed an apt illustration of the contradictions of the human mind; for the institutions of the dervises do not at all harmonize with the Koran: they are in strong contrast to its inculcation of practices quite unconnected with every ostensible device for exciting the imagination; and their condemnation is expressly pronounced by that very book, in its interdiction of music and dancing.

The institutions of dervises, originating in laudable motives, speedily degenerated, so that the dervises fell into general disrepute. There are now scarcely any except the Mèvlèvi that enjoy any consideration; the others are despised by the higher orders, who pay them a deference conventional rather than actual. The dervises enjoy the prerogative of unlimited freedom of speech; they are likewise entitled to bear arms. With the Koran in their hand, they animate the soldiers against the infidels, like the Spanish monks, who, in the name of the gospel, preached the extermination of the Indians.

United in communities under the authority of a sheik or superior, the dervises are subject to a noviciate, and to religious practices independent of the prayers obligatory on all Mussulmans. The dervises who are married do not reside in the convent, but pass the night there previous to the days of ceremony, that they may go through the routine of preparatory observances.

Besides the dervises who live in communities there are wandering

derives, who subsist on plunder rather than alms, and who render themselves formidable by the disorders they commit under licence of the impunity generally granted them in their quality of derives. They are called *seüah* (traveller), a generic term designating derives who travel by order of their superiors to receive donations, foreigners of religious orders, and derives who are dismissed from the convents for serious offences, as well as others forbidden by the statutes of their order to have any fixed place of abode.

More than thirty orders of derives are reckoned, but we shall limit the present notice to the orders of the *Mèvlèvi*, the *Bèdèvi*, and the *Rufai*, as the heads of the three principal divisions into which the orders of derives existing in Turkey may be divided.

THE MEVLEVI DERVISES.

The *Mèvlèvi* derives claim as founder *Djèlalèddin*, surnamed *Sultan-ul-Ulema*, or sovereign of the learned.

Djèlalèddin was born at Balkh, the capital of Khorassan, in the year 604 of the hegira. His paternal grandfather had married the daughter of Ala-èddin, the last king but one of the dynasty of the Khorassmians, kings of Khorassan, and was himself of a distinguished family, as by his father he was descended from the caliph Abubekr, and his mother also was daughter to a king of Khorassan.

Djèlalèddin succeeded his father in the title of *Sultan-ul-Ulema*, and likewise inherited his acquirements. He publicly taught in Iconium, after the custom of the ancient philosophers, and his lessons were diligently sought after by the whole city, when, in 642, the dervise Chems-èddin of Tauris, a disciple of Abubekr, sheik of an order of derives, came to Iconium and endeavoured to draw off to a contemplative life *Djèlalèddin*, who was devoted to the physical sciences and the visible things of this world. His numerous disciples, who found their master suspend his instructions and shut himself up with Chems-èddin, resolved on the ruin of that dervise, who avoided death by flight. *Djèlalèddin*, inconsolable for his departure, renounced the world, became a dervise, and established, in 643, the order of the *Mèvlèvi* derives. His work entitled "*Mèsnèvi*," much celebrated in the East (where most of his verses have passed into proverbs), and a voluminous collection of his odes, are the depositories of the moral doctrines he taught. The poems of *Djèlalèddin*, always on a didactic subject, are lively, and in that terse and animated style that our national poets have occasionally imitated with success, but the type of which is only to be found in oriental writers, and more particularly in the scriptures.

Djèlalèddin died in 672, aged seventy-eight years. *Tchèlèbi-Effendi*, resident at Konieh (Iconium), is now the head of the *Mèvlèvi*. He is entitled, as descendant of *Djèlalèddin*, to name the sheik of the convents of his order, and enjoys the prerogative of buckling on the reigning sultan the sabre of Othman.

He who wishes to become a *Mèvlèvi* must renounce the vanities of this world, and busy himself in the lowest drudgery of the kitchen, during a noviciate of a thousand and one days, without ever quitting the walls of the convent. When this period has expired the sheik

receives the candidate, and assigns him a room with his brethren; thenceforth he participates in all the ceremonies and privileges of the order.

The Mèvlèvi dervises devote themselves twice every week to public exercises, that take place on Tuesdays and Fridays, after the mid-day prayer, in their oratory. This oratory is an octagon hall, encircled by two galleries, one above the other, on the ground floor. The space enclosed by the lower gallery is inlaid by boards, fixed by large round-headed nails, placed at short distances from each other, which arrest the dervises in their rotatory movements. The only ornament to be seen in this hall is the cypher of the founder, written in large golden letters and placed in the upper gallery on the wall fronting Mecca. The place for the sheik, indicated by a sheep-skin on which he kneels, is in the hall underneath the cypher. The orchestra is opposite to the cypher. On one side, in a rather elevated position, is a box with a lattice, appropriated to the grand seignor when he is present at the exercises of the dervises.

At noon the doors of the oratory are thrown open and the crowds rush in and fill the galleries. Shortly after the dervises come in one by one, bend to the cypher of the founder, and kneel down round the hall; they prostrate themselves with their forehead to the earth, then rise up and squat down upon their heels. The sheik enters in turn, bends submissively to the cypher of the founder, goes and sits down in his place, and begins to recite the prayer called *Fat'-ha*.* After prayer the dervises, standing in the department of the orchestra, chant a Persian ode to the sound of instrumental music.

During this interval the rest of the dervises enter and take their places, after similar greetings and prostrations. When they are all assembled, the orchestra, composed of small kettle-drums and flutes made of bamboo, performs a sonata of measured cadence. Suddenly the movement becomes extremely rapid; the dervises then jump up and make the circuit of the hall three times, at a slow pace, with the sheik at their head.

Having completed the third turn, the sheik stops and continues standing; each dervise passes him, bending lowly, and taking his hand carries it to his lips and forehead, and commences turning round.

The dress of the dervises consists of an open vestment, one of the corners of which is fastened by a long and broad gown of wool, confined round the body by a girdle; these gowns are not all of the same colour.

The dervise, preparatory to turning round, holds out this gown, till it forms the shape of a bell, and then pirouettes by himself, describing a very narrow circle, while the instruments in the orchestra play an air that regulates the movements of the dance.

This air accompanies at the same time the chant of an ode, generally moral and relating to the dervises, whose duties it recapitulates. The number in the groups that whirl round is fixed at nine, eleven,

* The *Fat'-ha* is the first chapter of the Koran. This word comes from *fel'-h*, to open.

and thirteen. When they commence they cross their arms over their chest, but afterwards extend and raise them, as if to assist the balance.

The dervises whirl round during the space of five or seven minutes, and recommence the exercise four times.

When the dance is finished the sheik, before retiring, offers up prayers for the prosperity of the empire and the welfare of the sovereign, as well as for all Mussulmans present and absent. The dervises respond in chorus by *Hou*, in Arabic *HIM*,* meaning the Deity, after which they leave the hall without observing any regular order. The sheik leaves the place the last.

Djèlalèddin was the first who introduced this custom of whirling round. He gives several explanations of it in his works, of which the two principal are these:—In describing a circle we turn round in every direction in search of God, whom we find on every side of us, because God is every where present; and again, The act of a continual change of position denotes a detachment from worldly possessions, not any one of which has power to arrest our attention.

The almost literal translation of one of the odes chanted before the dance presents us with a sort of summary of what has been said of dervises in general, and of the Mèvlèvi more particularly. This ode is by Djèlalèddin. He composed it when separated from Chems-èddin, his director in the contemplative life, and complaining of the dervises of Iconium, who, as we have already observed, had compelled that dervise to remove. The ode has in the original as many verses as there are sentences in the translation. Each verse, composed of two couplets, finishes by the same word *dervichan* (dervises). It must be premised that in the course of this ode the word dervise has, according to its etymology, one of two meanings, namely, that of a *poor person*, and that of *one who devotes all his property to the service of the poor*; this, in the Persian text, makes a continual play of words, the beauty of which is lost in a translation. The repetition of this word, that would be wearisome to a European ear, has, in the soft and harmonious sounds of the Persian, all the charm of the double rondeaus of the French, the simplicity of their ancient ballads, and the elegance of the *refrains* of their modern *vaudevilles*.

ODE.

“I am transported out of myself, and am in a delirium of enthusiasm for the dervises; but I know not where to find the dervises.

“By dervise I do not mean every one who wears the garb of a dervise; there are many such vagabonds in the world, many wretches of that sort who imitate the dervises!

“The dervise that I seek is he who if he hears the sigh of a poor man stops and enquires of him ‘What desirest thou? Behold, I am here!’

“The dervises and their order were respected by Mohammed: God himself even sent down from heaven verses in honour of the dervises.

“At the instant when the dervises commence the dance that is accompanied by a pure delight, at that very instant God descends and enters into their spirits.

* This is the *EGO SUM QUI SUM*—*I am that I am*, of scripture.

"And, when the dervises are intoxicated with the love of God, the prophet *Khyzir* (Elias) brings them water to drink from the fountain of life.*

"The prince of the true believers, Ali, who was the son-in-law of the prophet, girded himself for the poor with the girdle of service, and exclaimed, '*I am the servant of the poor.*'"

"And thou also, Chems of Tauris! or rather Djèbal! follow devotedly the career of the dervises, give thyself to the service of the poor; and in these pious usages thou wilt find the spring of immortality."

The following ode will give some idea of the morality taught by the ancient dervises. The poem is in the lyric stanza. The poet here treads earthly honours under foot, and in the thought of death sees only an incitement to lead a life conformable to religious principles.

ODE.

"Arise, my soul, the morning breaks, awake thou and adore the Eternal; there is no act more meritorious. Happy is he whom the dawn arouses! It is thou only, O religious man! thou privileged being! that rises up with the dawn. I recognize thee by thy wisdom; the delights of the other world will be reserved for thee!

"At day-break the diligent cock cries, 'Arise, stand up, whosoever thou art, cast off thy supineness.' But thou who liest inebriated with sleep, thou hearest him not, neither understandeth what he says. To understand him thou must be wise and vigilant. Reason says, 'Arise!' Sloth replies, 'Yet a moment more.' Trample upon sloth, and remember that the dawn is the instant when the Sovereign Master issues his mandates.

"Weak and contemptible being! slave of imperious passions! call to remembrance, if only for an instant, that thou must die; yes, thou must die!

"All that remains for thee to do is, then, to rise up, that thou mayest shed the precious tears of repentance, and avoid the snares of the great enemy of thy weakness.

"And thou also must wake with the dawn. What matters it whether thou art called Chems † or Sultan? Soon, very soon, will thy dust be mingled with the earth: and what then will become of the pomps and distinctions in which thou now glorifiest thyself?"

The Mèvlèvi dervises have several convents at Constantinople. The principal is in the suburb of Pera. The oratory, or *tèkè*, is divided from the convent, and stands in the burial-ground of the order. This burial ground contains the tomb of the renowned Count Bonneval, who is designated, in the Turkish inscription upon it, by the name of *Achmet Pacha*.

The Bèdèvi dervises in our next number.

H O P E.

HOPE gilds the stream of time with sunny ray,
While swiftly gliding to oblivion's sea;
But O how drear and sad its darkling way
When that bright gleam has flashed its destiny!

* *Kyzir* is here supposed to be the only mortal who had found the *fountain of life*, whose waters he drank, which rendered him immortal. The author calls him the cup-bearer of the dervises. Several Mussulmans confound him with the prophet Elias.

† *Djèlalèddin* was sultan by birth. Chems-eddin means in Arabic *sun of the faith*. The poet alludes to the excitements to pride offered by those two names.

THE MAN OF TWO LIVES.

It has many times been averred by responsible witnesses in the town of Gravelstone, and their testimony has been sanctioned by the conclusive dictum of that mysterious personage commonly termed "the oldest inhabitant," that fortune never dawned more auspiciously upon the opening prospects of breathing man than when she was pleased to usher in the vigorous commencement of life on the part of Mr. Samuel Singe, the barber of that place. Truth to speak, and gratifying to tell, the earliest efforts, on his own sole account, of that individual in the hair-cutting and chin-shaving line had met with no ordinary encouragement. Even from the first outbreak of his career, when, firm of soul and fixed of purpose, but with a nervous sensibility easily to be accounted for, he caused the name of his respected master, "Lightly," to be erased from the shop-front, and the more pleasing monosyllable "Singe" to be placed in its stead, his virtuous ardour had been rewarded by fervent and zealous patronage.

He was permitted—instigated, I may say—to walk in the same path, aye, to step into the very shoes of the respected and deplored defunct. He was even taken by the hand by Mr. Upper crust, the mayor (the mayor!) whom mortal thumb and finger had never before taken by the nose. To him was reserved the honour of tucking the first napkin between the cravat and the epiglottis of that municipal and majestic man, and the razor of Singe was the first tried weapon that had ever coursed in rapid but inoffensive semicircles over that benignant countenance. Nor were aldermanic chins less subservient to his brush; nor did Furlong the surveyor ever present himself unto the world's eye until Singe had assuaged with powder the almost intolerable effulgence of the symmetrical dome which overhung his expansive brow. Our hero was also installed hairdresser in ordinary to Ichneumon the attorney, and superintended monthly the bristly exuberances of that gentleman's multifarious offspring.

The reader is, however, mistaken if he suppose that the professional avocations of Samuel Singe were exclusively absorbed by an attention to these aristocratical customers. No. His in-door practice was considerable. It admits not of a doubt that on Saturdays—not to mention the other *five* days of the week (for Singe was orthodox and eschewed suds on a Sunday), the number of bearded and bacon-fed rustics from the contiguous villages who "went away shorn" from the well-appointed and decent shop of the barber was almost incalculable. His hours of less peremptory practice, too, were devoted to wig-weaving and peruke-plaiting exertions, while the restoration of ladies' fronts to their pristine tortuosity employed some portion of that time which the world has consented to set apart for leisure and recreation.

But although, as I have sufficiently shown, Singe might be considered in every respect a thriving man, and notwithstanding that he "acquired a prompt alacrity" in furthering his own interests, yet

was he by no means averse from the enjoyment of such delights as are duly restrained by moderation and temperance. In summer evenings especially, at a certain hour, he might be detected wending his way over the "smooth-shaven green" towards a public-house boasting the imposing and perhaps awful title of "the Griffin." Here the company was select, and at the same time cordial; affable without moroseness, easy without vulgarity. And here was Singe lord paramount; and here, as he smoked his pipe and sipped his ale, deference conceded to him that respect which his superior information and acquirements might have exacted. Grim the farrier, when Singe outspoke, drew down his mouth like a horse-shoe and was mute; Rusk the baker was upon such occasions taciturn; Halbert, the serjeant of a regiment quartered in the town, a huge portly man, with no ordinary *bow-window* and a handsome sash in front of it, one also who had gleaned a harvest of anecdote from the fields of Waterloo—even this warrior held his peace; and Spigot the landlord has been known to stand for hours with the handle of the door between his fingers, until a too familiar voice from behind has recalled him to himself, or rather to that better half of himself which he had so long deserted in the bar. In short, Samuel at this place of rational entertainment was a universal favourite, and I question whether that fabulous monster the griffin himself would not have smiled upon him as he entered the house, had there been so desirable a portrait of such monster over the entrance. But this, unhappily, was not the case, the artist employed by Spigot for that purpose, after receiving payment by anticipation for his labours, having, as though wilfully, "died and made no sign."

To a prosperous man on the wrong side of thirty marriage naturally presents itself as something claiming serious consideration. To the barber it was so, who, having debated the matter within himself long and earnestly, entered himself of the temple of Hymen, taking to partner one Kezia Thoroughgood, only daughter of old Thoroughgood the wheelwright and cooper in general. Nor was this by any means the worst choice he could have made. Kezia Singe (late Thoroughgood) was a woman in whom a pervading principle of thrift was innate, in whom prudence had shown itself marvellously precocious, in whom also frugality had begotten a large family of maxims and undeviating rules of conduct. She had duties for every day in the year, work for every week, manifold business monthly. She was expert as Arachne at spinning, and yet was a mortal enemy to spiders and cobwebs. She earned her bread where she made it—at home, and her house was as clean as a new pin, and she was the head of it. She exhibited the patriotism of a true Briton in her patronage and manufacture of English wines, and she knew the contents of her two casks (paternal puncheons), and the absorbing capacity of her servant (from the workhouse), to a single drop. The current of her wrath was fearfully let loose if she detected a defalcation in the old gooseberry; and she played up "old gooseberry" if she discovered a diminution of the currant. Added to these merits, she bore no common love for her husband, and took the very best care of him with not the very worst grace in the world; and I think (such was her scrupulosity)

that she would willingly have died before him in order to get the grave thoroughly aired for his reception.

"What more felicity can fall to creature?" Here was little Samuel Singe, with a daily increasing business, with a prudent and strenuous wife, with a father-in-law whom he loved (he was reputed wealthy), and whose gray hairs he respected ever, and cut every six weeks.

I have painted a picture of unvaried brightness of tint, of Claude-like serenity, of cloudless sunshine; but now (alas! that it must be, but rigorous truth will have it so), I must give colours of a sombre hue, and lay them on pretty thickly. I must dip, as a great modern poet says,

"My pencil in the gloom of thunder and eclipse."

Who can lay his account with meeting no reverses in life? Who can expect to trudge onwards in a long lane of luck without a turning? Who can snap his fingers at fate and cry, "That for you?" Even Samuel Singe was assailable.

The first practicable example presented to the barber of the instability of worldly expectations, and of the reed-like brittleness of hope, was afforded him upon a melancholy occasion. His father-in-law, Diogenes Thoroughgood, suddenly gave up wheel-making, cask-coopering, and the ghost. Think not that Samuel Singe was deficient in a proper resignation. He bore the calamity with fortitude, but there was a certain upshot that wounded his feelings deeply. To hint the matter strongly, Thoroughgood, although a wheelwright for very many years, had, it seemed, very little to do with the repair of the wheel of fortune; and I fear (not to speak scandalously) had in his day emptied almost as many casks as he had manufactured. Indeed, the deceased mechanic had unconsciously obtained credit for wealth amongst his neighbours which, to do him justice, he had never concurred to encourage (such opinion being founded, as it commonly is, upon a red nose, a ragged coat, and a bluff straightforwardness of speech), so that when he died, instead of coming "down with his dust," as Samuel naturally expected he would have done, the perplexed barber was himself compelled to do that office for him to the tune of a huge stout elm coffin, a hearse and four, mourning coach, two mutes, and a family vault.

This was awkward—nay, it was distressing; but Singe was not the man to be disheartened by such casualties. While there were beards to grow and to mow he felt assured of maintaining his secular position, and, except a few muttered complaints to his wife, in his more excited moments, of the improvidence and duplicity of the old and sinful insolvent, he let the matter drop entirely. But other engines were at work of an undermining tendency. Some of the Athenian citizens, amongst whom was, I think, Themistocles himself, were impatient at hearing Aristides so often termed "the just." The inhabitants of Gravelstone were, in like manner, intolerant of the fame of Singe. Some envied his colloquial qualities, many his extent of business; the former of these insinuated doubts at first, but soon openly breathed denials of his conversational supremacy; the latter, by some illogical process of reasoning, laid their own moderate success or ill-

fortune at the door of the more fortunate barber. Grim the farrier doubted,

“The while his iron did on the anvil cool,”

whether he did not shoe less horses in consequence of Singe. Rusk the baker thought it odd and hard too that Samuel should be shaving while he was drawing his rolls. Spigot merely and inwardly cursed his temperate habits; while Grigg the grocer (he did not know why it was, but it was so) “could not bear that fellow.”

These were, it is true, “trifles light as air,” but fate had now realities heavy as lead in store for him. Rumours had taken wind tending to the belief that his pomatum was not irreproachable, and whispers of hog’s lard and tallow-grease gained daily ground. Dark and cloudy insinuations of brick-dust hung loweringly over the reputation of his dentifrice, while his shop was decided to contain no choice of articles, because upon one occasion he could not supply a corpulent customer with a tooth-brush as large as the brush of a chimney-sweep.

Well, these things must be borne. It was the common fate of merit to be depreciated, and while he scented these injurious falsehoods he could not trace them. Like the source of the Nile, they were hidden; like the Nile itself they contained crocodile calumnies that threatened to destroy him. But the worst was to come, just at a time when envious hostility had, as he fondly thought, spent its last arrow. There was a house (it had been recently let) immediately opposite—directly opposite—fatally opposite the barber’s dwelling. Crook the carpenter, “a hot friend cooling,” was engaged to put in a new shop-front of most imposing dimensions, of magnificent sweep, and of circular range. Adder the house-painter, no friend at all, but a foe of no ordinary calibre, was employed to beautify the exterior. The carpenter having completed, the house-painter was summoned; and now came Adder and ladder, paint-pots, brushes, easel, pallet, and guiding-stick, and in a few short hours, in large, fanciful, golden, legible characters, “Frizzle, Hairdresser and Perfumer, from Oxford Street, London,” met or rather intruded itself upon the eye of Singe.

Here was a blow that might have staggered a Stoic. But Samuel was not one of the desponding genus. Indomitable energy had raised him to his present position, and the same power must keep him there. But who was Frizzle? Whence came he? From Oxford Street, London—that was a crushing circumstance; but Singe knew full well that he of barbers was the most expert, that in the use and mastery of his weapons, whether for ease, or dexterity, or expedition, the country could not find his parallel. The work of Lightly himself, his former master, was acknowledged on all chins a decided failure in comparison with his; Singe, therefore, maintained a serene dignity all that day, giving and receiving civilities with perfect grace and the most winning freedom.

On the following morning the shutters of the rival establishment were to be taken down—business was to be commenced—the tug of war was to begin. The shutters of Singe’s eyes were raised long ere rustic could “help Hyperion to his horse,” and, hastening down-

stairs to set his shop in unaccustomed order, arranged his window after a novel fashion, and having thrown open his door, assumed a crouching attitude upon a chair by the side of a window, from the corner of which he was in a situation to watch, unobserved, the issue. Suddenly the opposite door was opened; a young gentleman in an apron of snowy whiteness, with a handsome tortoise-shell comb stuck carelessly in a hyacinthine side-lock (could it be Frizzle?) issued forth, and carefully taking down the shutters placed them in a convenient, newly-painted, green, kind of sentry-box by the side of the door. What a blaze of splendour burst upon the dazzled vision of Singe! Pyramids of pomatum-pots towered in Egyptian grandeur, forests of hair, combs, and tooth-brushes arose in lateral amphitheatres, vast glass cases on mahogany shelves filled to overflowing with wash-balls, and smelling-bottles, green, blue, yellow, crimson, all the hues of Iris' woof, reflected the sun's rising beams. But, worst of all, three heads, two male and one female busts, larger, aye, and more natural even than life—the perfection of wax-work—stared with romantic ken through the vast windows as though proud (as well they might be) of the curled, stylish, and costly wigs that adorned their several skulls.

For the first time of his life Singe felt downright sickness at heart. His few and formal hairs, which he invariably plastered to his pate with perfumed unguents, erected themselves singly, as though appealing against this monstrous spectacle, and, as he tottered to a chair in the middle of the shop placed for the reception of customers, a cold perspiration exuded from his brow. But this was no time for supineness or despair. Measures must be taken. Could not he vie with this rival in splendour, or, at least, contrive a respectable appearance which should not be disgraced by a comparison with the exhibition of his neighbour? Sallying forth boldly, then, he took in at one ample and searching glance all that he had to contend against, and turning suddenly prepared to make a comparative estimate of his own pretensions. I feel that I cannot describe the sound which at that moment issued from his mouth. It was an amalgamation of hysteria, hiccups, and a cough. What! vie with Frizzle? Ha! ha! ha! *This* provincial pig-sty cut out *that* metropolitan establishment! Oh! he felt it was *so* impossible! What a miserable, wretched, niggard, nasty hole! What a common, mean, old-fashioned, rascally shop! what a hut, or, rather, what a hutch! What a walking-stick, what a faded wand was that which he had hitherto conceived to be a pole, compared with the variegated mast which Frizzle himself (whom now for the first time he beheld) and his genteel apprentice were assisting to lift into the air, and which in a few minutes hung its golden knob threateningly high above the pin's-head insignificance of his own! And then, the one wooden block-head, a three-quarter size of humanity, in his own window, and the three paragons, half as large again as actual existence, that ornamented the window of his adversary! He had thought his own even comely before, surmounted as it was by a filthy, dusty, fusty peruke. What a daub was that formerly pleasing production! What a hideous smirk was that once pleasing smile upon its timber countenance! I blush to record the act—I blush

to record the blush of Singe while he performed the act—when I state that, after a few day's further trial, he opened the glass-case, the shrine in which it was contained, and, withdrawing the outrage upon human nature, "hid his diminished head" in the wood-hole.

It is a mournful fact, but the reader will not be surprised at it when he reflects upon the attraction of novelty and new faces, that the business of Singe fell off rapidly, and that the practice of his rival gained daily and extensive ground. Noses, that once had been turned up inside his shop with amiable resignation to the will of the shaving-brush, were now turned up outside of it, as their owners crossed over the path (which Frizzle took care to have swept every morning) and entered the opposite concern. Mr. Upper crust the mayor no longer extended his patronage; Ichneumon the attorney withdrew his juvenile host; and, of the gentry, the bald and glossy scull of Furlong alone shone upon him in his distress.

"In nature there is nothing melancholy,"

says Coleridge; but here was an unnatural state of affairs, and Singe was so, and with reason. Good, kind, and charitable individual as he was, *how* he hated Frizzle! He hated, I say, the bloated rascal who was fattening upon his own proper spoils. He hated to see the name stick over the door. The two vile zig-zag Z's were infinitely insulting. He hated the very utterance of the name. "Frizzle—Frizzle," he was constantly muttering to himself, and he cursed the offensive eggs-and-bacon sound of the word. He began to hate the very town (the spot of his nativity) upon which Frizzle had so suddenly come down like a wolf on the fold; in a word, he was sick to death of the ungrateful, vile, filthy, capricious, Frizzle-ridden place.

The ill-fated Singe had, it is true, hoarded a small sum of money. Like a prudent and provident man he had lain by for a rainy day; but what financial umbrella could withstand the tempest that was now raging about his ears? Little by little, accompanied by groans and inward wrestlings, it melted away. Nor did it appear likely that any speedy or even remote chances would present themselves of enabling him to recruit his exhausted budget. Besides his own jaws, which he shaved twice a day to keep his hand in, no human visage offered itself to his operations. He was his own, he was his only, customer. Existence, to be so, must be supported. Man, "nor woman either," can live without food; and certain corkscrew rumblings of the inward man spoke eloquently of duties which he owed to himself. And now he felt that he also owed to others. He had been compelled to strain his restricted credit to the utmost. He had run up several debts. *Run up!* the phrase suits not—he had walked up, sauntered up, crawled up debts, for the recovery of which threats of appeal to the County Court had been levelled at him.

Let no one hastily condemn our unfortunate barber, when I acknowledge that often in secret converse with his wife he urged the expediency of retreating from the accursed place. If, however, some lax unscrupulous moralist should demand why he did not pack up his alls and be off without beat of drum, I answer

"For this plain reason—man is not a fly,"

and the deuce a driver of a fly waggon would have taken charge of Singe's appurtenances without forthwith prating of his whereabouts to his numerous flint and steel-hearted creditors.

Is it wonderful that, under these circumstances, his thoughts were turned tomb-ward? that he often desired death? His deplorable plight tended to encourage such thoughts; the cholera, which was at that time raging in the town, set his mind at work on that subject. How he longed to be a patient! How he wished the "blue stage" would draw up to his door and carry him away an inside passenger! How he yearned for that last refuge for the destitute, for that world of unadulterated spirits, for that licensed still with I know not how many worms to it! How he longed to leap into the other world—to have one mighty vault to himself!

That these thoughts should have possessed him is by no means strange; but that they should have given birth to a design which I am now about to unfold is not a little remarkable. Flushed with an unexpected shilling which remained to him over and above his immediate exigencies, Singe had been one evening smoking his pipe at the Blue Lion (for the Griffin had long ago closed its jaws against him), and he returned home on that night with a pint of ale for his partner, and a most unusual flow of spirits, which he kept to himself. Puffing his fragrant herb in the chimney corner, he sat apparently buried in profound thought, occasionally, however, casting a speculative glance towards his wife, who sat opposite, darning a very old stocking. He seemed as though his mind was labouring with some momentous matter of which it would fain unburthen itself. At length, withdrawing his pipe from his mouth, he remarked,

"And so poor Snaggs is gone,"

"Gone where?" said Mrs. Singe, with an indifferent air.

"Gone dead," cried Samuel,—*"died of the cholera last night."*

"Dear me!" exclaimed the wife, with needle in rest and her hand laid upon her knee, *"how shocking!"*

"Um," grunted Singe, raising his eyes mournfully and resuming his pipe. There was a silence as dead as poor Snaggs for some minutes. Singe, however, drew himself together after a short period, and leaning forward, with his pipe extended some two inches from his mouth, said abruptly,

"*How*, how are we to manage, Mrs. Singe? Things are getting worse and worse every day, and I feel I shall never recover myself in this place. You know I have often said if we could manage to get to London and open an "Easy Shaving Shop" in the Seven Dials (old Lightly, his former master, came from the Seven Dials) we should do well—don't you think we should?"

"But how are we to get there," expostulated the wife, *"it's impossible."*

"True," said Singe, and he threw himself back in his chair. An agreeable expression, indicative of pleasure, suddenly crossed over his features.

"I say, Mrs. Singe," said he, as he placed his hand upon her knee and gave a knowing wink, *"I complained of being very ill to-night at the Blue Lion."*

"Goodness, Samuel, you never looked better, considering."

"And look you here," cried the barber, "I say I wish I was dead," and he winked still more knowingly.

"Why, Singe?"

"Why, Mrs. Singe," pursued the enigmatic shaver, "shouldn't I be buried gratis by the Benefit Society? Wouldn't they give you, my widow, ten pounds? Wouldn't they raise a subscription for you? and shouldn't *we* then be able to get up to London? eh!"

"*We!*" cried Kezia, with a stare. "God bless the man! he's mad. Why, you'd be in your grave."

"No, no, not *I*, not *I*," exclaimed Singe, poking the end of his pipe towards his wife; "another—something else. I'll tell you how it is, Mrs. Singe," he continued, in a solemn tone, "these Gravelstone folks have used me very, very ill, and I *will* have something out of them before I go—I *will*. I mean to feign myself dead—make believe, you see. You shall get the ten pounds and a subscription raised, and we'll be off to London, change the name of Singe, open shop, get rich, and die happy."

"Well, I never heard the like of that before." And the good woman indulged in a burst of unusual merriment. "Sam, you've been drinking—you know you have—don't shake your head, I'm certain of it—but mercy, man, how should I be able to do my part? I couldn't squeeze out a single tear."

"As others do," cried Singe, with a bitter grin, "who have less cause to weep than you have just now. Put a peeled onion into your handkerchief, and pinch your nose well before you go out, to make it look red."

"Lord! Singe, how queer!" cried the wife, scratching her left ear; but how would you manage?"

"Leave that to me," cried the barber, with dignity, waving his hand. "Did I ever fail in any thing I undertook? Did I not always succeed till that fellow yonder, that Frizzle (curse the fellow's name), sneaked into the town? Listen!"

Here a long conversation ensued, carried on in cautious whispers, which it is not politic that the reader should overhear; and some time on the wrong side of midnight the scheming couple betook themselves to rest.

On the following morning the barber and his wife despatched their frugal meal with an unaccustomed haste, which, for greater privacy, was enjoyed in the small back room, a nervous anxiety pervading each visage during the refection, which betrayed that some mighty and important work was on foot, demanding not only uncommon tact and skill, but extraordinary firmness and presence of mind.

"Kezia, my dear," said Singe, "before you go to Slash, just put down to the fire my nightcap and long bedgown; though I am going to die of the cholera I don't wish to catch my death of cold; and mind, get out the gum and powder-blue, and don't forget the shaving-glass in the shop."

"La! Samuel, I am so flustered, you don't know," cried Kezia, as she returned with the required articles and placed them upon the table; "I am certain I shall be discovered."

"Fiddle-de-dee—dонт tell me," returned the barber, snapping his fingers, "why, you look half a widow already. Tell Slash—eh! cramp, plenty of cramp, doubled up like a ball, round as a hoop, curled up like those little sensitive ladies that turn somersets in a warm hand. Be sure, of all things, you stick to cramp, and blue spots—mind the blue spots. Think of the Seven Dials as you go along and we're sure to succeed. You may also drop hints to the neighbours—they won't come near me, depend on't."

So saying, the little barber immersed some gum into a small saucepan filled with water, and placed it carefully on the hob to simmer.

In the meantime, somewhat fortified by the encouraging and confident speech of her husband, Mrs. Singe prepared herself to go forth, dropping, however, sundry natural doubts and fears of her success, and venting praiseworthy but ill-timed conscientious scruples.

"Now, go at once, that's a good woman," cried Singe impatiently, to whose sensitive soul these appeals were any thing but satisfactory, "do as I bid you—this is the only time I mean to die, I tell you—I can't die every day, like a grasshopper. I shall make myself ready before Slash arrives. Come, pluck up a good heart—that's it—no, corners of mouth a *leetle* more drawn down—that'll do."

Left to himself, the barber straightways invested himself in his long bedgown, and endued himself with a carefully bleached night-cap, which he tied under the chin. And now, drawing forth a powder-puff, he gingerly variegated the surface of his countenance with azure-spots, and seizing the looking-glass, with anxious scrutiny examined the result.

The key of the door inserted into the lock aroused him from a reverie into which he had fallen, and, starting up, he sprang up-stairs with the agility of a monkey, and was enveloped in the bed-clothes in a moment.

It was Mrs. Singe, who now entered the apartment alone.

"Well, have you told Slash?" cried the barber, cautiously disclosing his disfigured front from the edge of the coverlid.

"I have, Samuel (la! how shocking you look!), and he has sent you some physic;" and the careful woman, as she spoke, drew from beneath her shawl a large bottle of medicine. "It must all be taken directly."

"When is he coming?" demanded Singe. "He had better be here soon, if he wishes to see me alive, for I mean to die in half an hour; as for the physic, let that be thrown down the sink, it may do good to some of the rats we laid the poison for a few days ago."

"He can't be here before the afternnoon," answered the wife; "he says he has other patients to attend to of more importance than you. Mr. Ichneumon's children are all lying dangerously ill of the scarlet fever."

"Serve 'em right, serve 'em right," cried the barber, with malignant emphasis; "they discarded me."

"Oh! don't say so, Samuel, the poor innocents had nothing to do with that; there they have been at death's door—such blisterings—all their little heads shaved"—

"Which I should have done," interrupted Singe, furiously, "if it

hadn't been for Frizzle. Oh! Kezia, how I should like to shave *his* head. How I should like to whip off his head with a razor." Here the face of the barber underwent a distortion which in its present fictitious state rendered him truly appalling.

It was not until the approach of evening that the fully-occupied Slash made it convenient to find his way to the barber's dwelling. A professional knock at the door apprised the conspirators of his arrival. "Now, go down-stairs very slowly," cried the barber in a timid whisper, as he huddled into bed and laid himself out, "and be sure, immediately the door opens, you set up a weeping and wailing. I wish you had practised a little beforehand. Gently, gently."

By an intense projection as it were of the sense of hearing, Singe was enabled to satisfy himself that these directions were obeyed; and now the step of Slash was heard upon the stairs, and the voice of that skilful surgeon exclaiming, as he ascended, "What! dead! dead already, Mrs. Singe; impossible!" "He doubts the fact," thought the barber, as with a violent effort he discomposed his features into a more ghastly derangement, and tremblingly awaited the coming scrutiny.

Entering the apartment, the prudent leech maintained a respectable distance from the frail wreck of mortality that lay before him. "You must get me a light, I think, said he," addressing the widow. "Let me once more peruse the features of my poor and worthy acquaintance."

"Oh Lord!" almost groaned the deceased, as his sobbing partner retired to do the bidding of the doctor, "I shall be discovered, sure enough—curse the fellow's officious kindness."

"And so thou art gone, my little barber," apostrophized Slash, as he inserted the end of his walking-stick into the most sensitive part of Samuel's fifth rib, which he tickled even to agony, "well, we must all die, nothing lasts—here to-day, gone to-morrow. Oh, here's a candle."

"Bless us!" exclaimed the doctor, raising the light above his head, and leaning forward on tip-toe, while he gazed at the corrugated chaps of the defunct, "this must have been a new stage of that fearful disease; nothing like it has yet come under my notice. A most extraordinary metamorphosis of the facial organs. Did he take my physic?"

"He did, Sir," sighed the wife, "and —"

"Yes."

"And died instantly."

"Ah!" and the doctor shook his head, and indulged in a suspiciously prolonged gaze. "Very extraordinary," he repeated, "very, very—but," and he turned suddenly towards the window, and, placing the candlestick in one of her hands, seized the other, which he pressed fervently. "Make yourself easy, my good woman; be assured that all that could have been done for that worthy man has been done. We are all grass, nothing lasts—here to-day, gone to-morrow."

"Which I mean to be, or my name is not Singe," said the barber, slowly rising as he heard the street-door close upon Slash, "and catch me trying this experiment again. I thought that sharp-pointed cane of his would have let the secret out."

"Well, I think the worst is over now," resumed Singe, addressing his wife, who now returned to the room, "and so let us have a little bit of supper, and afterwards I'll get ready my wooden proxy. I think the wig-block and stand, with my oldest night-cap, and dressed in the cast-off pepper and salt—the whole to be covered with the calico bed-gown—will serve the purpose very well. What think you, my dear?"

An assent being given to this ingenious proposition, the barber sat down to his supper in high spirits, expatiating upon the brilliant prospects that awaited them in the metropolis, gradually enlarging the "Easy Shaving Shop" to an immense and almost boundless hair-dressing establishment, and multiplying the one little boy whom he designed for lathering and subordinate purposes into a series of youthful but full-grown artists, armed with all appliances of scissors and combs, and ready to fall like harpies upon the scalps of multitudinous customers, all struggling in generous rivalry for admittance into his two wide swing doors.

Fired by this exciting vision, the barber started up, and, laying hands upon the wig-block, was proceeding to clothe the lifeless substitute, when a double knock at the door caused him to retreat, panic-stricken, into the bed-room.

"Here's Slash come again—I know it is," he exclaimed querulously, as he turned discontentedly into the couch. "Don't let him come up-stairs if you can help it. What a pity it is they won't let a poor man die in peace!"

Untoward circumstance, as it well might be considered, the doctor, in spite of Singe's express wishes to the contrary, *was* coming up-stairs, and, making his way to the window, silently beckoned the widow to approach him.

"Since I left you," began Slash solemnly, "I have communicated to Mr. Upper crust, and two gentlemen of the corporation, the demise of your truly worthy husband, and have detailed to them the very peculiar appearances the body presents." Here he drew out a smelling-bottle, containing a spirit of anti-infectious virtues, which he sniffed at vigorously. "Now, Mrs. Singe," he continued, with affectionate earnestness, "I know you are a woman of too much firmness, too much above the vulgar prejudices of the ignorant, to be startled by what I am going to propose. These gentlemen concur with me in the opinion that, to further the interests of science, it will be expedient, nay, indispensable, that the body should be opened."

So saying, the doctor inspired another exhalation from his phial, and, folding back the cuffs of his coat, drew from his pocket a prodigious case of surgical instruments.

Rising slowly, supported on one elbow, the barber caused his head to ascend from the bedclothes, with a pair of eyes enlarged to the dimensions of spectacles, and a face that formed itself rapidly into new and horrible combinations of terror. "No, no, no," was the tenour of rigid grins that forced his mouth asunder, as with intent gaze at his wife he silently sank back upon his pillow.

"Compose yourself, my dear woman," cried Slash, who, during this scene, had been examining his deadly scalpels. "This little matter

will soon be over—come—come,” and, taking a pinch of snuff, the doctor made two strides towards the bed.

Singe had already clenched his right fist courageously, and, upon this movement on the part of Slash, was just on the point of dealing a blow, aggravated by terror—a blow which might have annihilated that pousy individual, when the alarmed wife darted forward, and drew him from the bed by the skirts of his coat.

“You shall not, you must not do it,” she exclaimed. “My poor husband always made me swear” (here Singe nodded approvingly) “that nothing of that sort should be attempted upon his person. Indeed, indeed, I cannot permit it.”

“Well, madam,” cried Slash, in dudgeon, packing up his instruments, “I thought you a woman of more sense. We did think of raising a handsome subscription for you, but now—good night, Mrs. Singe;” and the doctor turned, and abruptly left the house.

The extent of relief caused to the barber by this hasty retreat of Slash cannot be described. Big drops of perspiration had rolled down his cheeks, making deep furrows in the gum with which he had overlaid his physiognomy, and, when his wife again came into his presence, that rueful exhibition was well calculated to shake nerves of more firmness than that worthy woman could boast of.

All that night, as on the night previously, Singe in vain courted the soothing influence of sleep, and with heavy heart he arose in the morning to complete the artificial man with whose interment his hateful first experiment in duplicity was to end.

But this last day gave tokens of commencing prosperously. Mrs. Singe had gone forth early, and had apprised the neighbourhood of her husband's decease, and the Benefit Society to which he belonged lost not a moment in sending a Patagonian coffin—a misfit of the stoutest inhabitant of the town, recently dead, and Mr. Pall and his assistant Grisly were to come with all things needful in the afternoon and conclude the mournful ceremony.

“Be sure you don't let Pall and Grisly touch me,” cried Singe, as the time approached for the arrival of those gentlemen, and he raised his finger as in warning. “They must not even see me. Tell them that you insist upon performing the last offices for your husband yourself. Why, see, I am but a light weight, and a strong woman like you might easily lay me in that box. I say, wife, I should look like a flea in Hyde Park stuck in that cupboard, shouldn't I?”

“Well, but you must get into the coffin,” urged his wife, “in case they should draw the lid aside to take a last look at you. But, before they screw it down, I'll call them below to take a drop of spirits; then you can steal softly out, get the wig-block from under the bed, and place it in your stead, and then you can take the place of the wig-block under the bed.”

“Ha! ha! a good idea,” cried the barber; “two heads are better than one. It shall be so. But what now?” he continued, in a rage, as a knock at the door intruded upon his ear. “It isn't time for the undertaker yet. Go down, Mrs. Singe, and tell my friends, whoever they are, that I can't and won't be seen.”

“Only think,” said the wife, who returned presently, bearing a bas-

ket in her arms, "Mr. Furlong has sent us four bottles of wine, and two sovereigns, and desired the messenger to assure me that he was deeply grieved at your death."

"No! has he though?" and a tear stole into the eye of Singe. "That man, Kezia," he continued, "was the only friend I had in the town. Let us, then, sincerely drink his good health."

"Well, I think a drop would do you good," said the complaisant wife, uncorking a bottle; and, as the barber swallowed three or four bumpers, a pleasing emotion took possession of his soul. From a fanciful mental dream, into which he had subsided, he was too soon rudely summoned by a peremptory knock, announcing the approach of the undertaker; and, leaping into the coffin, he laid himself quietly down, inwardly hoping that this last trial would now speedily be got over.

After an interval, a step was heard ascending the stairs, which Singe, from long experience, knew to be that of his partner.

"What are you come for?" said the barber, in a low whisper, and as he arose his head was barely level with the side of the coffin.

"For the corkscrew: be quiet. They are going to have a glass of spirits."

"And why shouldn't I have something too?" expostulated the barber. "Just hand me over a glass or two more of that wine. It is, indeed, most excellent."

Singe helped himself to three further bumpers in rapid succession. "It will do me good," said he, with an oblique glance at his wife. "It will give me nerve to go through this painful ceremony;" and, lying silently down, he heard his wife depart, and bethought him how long it might be before the funeral functionaries would be prepared to complete their professional duties.

"Good fellow, that Furlong—excellent man!" he mused—"well, if I can ever repay him, I'll send him something from the Seven Dials. I'll—under another name though—Simpson—yes, Simpson—um—ah!—yes—"

"Oh! that a man should put an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains!" This fatal habit of drinking! What schemes has it not destroyed! what cunning contrivances has it not too surely rendered nought!

"Aye, enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this respect their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action."

I am unwillingly compelled to state that Singe fell asleep.

Very shortly after this most unlucky accident Pall and Grisly entered the room.

"Let us make short work of this business," said Pall to his assistant; "the place is infectious. Poor fellow! how queer he looks;" and he took a hasty glance at the defunct; "now, on with the lid."

Screwing down the coffin with unwonted speed, these experienced adepts whipped up the poor barber, and carried him down-stairs.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Singe had put on the solemn dress used upon such melancholy occasions, and, never doubting the alacrity of her commonly active spouse in a matter that so nearly concerned his dear-

est interest, placed herself in order, to follow as chief and indeed sole mourner of the wig-block about to be committed to the earth.

"I shall lock the street-door," she remarked casually to the undertaker and his gaunt foreman, as, with the assistance of two mutes, they bore the coffin from the door. "I am going to tea with Mrs. Rusk, who has kindly invited me, and shall not return till night."

In a few short minutes (such is the fate of man) Singe was decently interred in the handsome and particularly dry vault which he himself had erected for the improvident and imprudent Diogenes Thoroughgood.

Perhaps it is not altogether wonderful (for, let us frame some excuse for the self-outwitted man) that under even the exciting circumstances we have set forth Singe should have fallen a victim to sleep. It must be remembered that he had enjoyed no repose for sixty hours, and the influence of wine, acting upon a stomach whose digestive organs had recently been much out of practice, may have thrown him into a lethargy of which he found it impossible to divest himself. However this be, it is certain that about four hours after his funeral Singe broke through the bonds of slumber, and, awaking, marvelled greatly where he might be. Could he, in conformity with his dream (which the jolting of the coffin had doubtless superinduced), be at this moment snugly ensconced in the London coach? if so, it were time that he should look about him. Raising himself, therefore, with a view to ascertain this fact, his skull came in violent contact with the lid of that subterranean chest in which he had been, as it seemed, booked for eternity, and his ear detected certain echoes caused by such concussion, dying away with a mournful and posthumous sound. Suddenly the fearful truth burst upon his senses, and he fell back in utter despair. What! to be hunted to death by misery and misfortune, and to be buried alive after all! to be untimely thrust into a huge box, like a razor-case, a convenience which, it now occurred to him, would have fitted Frizzle exactly, and which was especially fit for Frizzle. Horrible! But now a sudden hope seized him, or rather he seized upon a sudden hope. His wife must know of this, and she would, *must* come with mattock and spade, and dig him out of the bowels of the earth. No sooner had this hope taken possession of him than it appeared about to be realized. A sound of footsteps—he could not be mistaken—broke upon his ear, and presently a heavy form flung itself upon the sable receptacle in which he lay embedded.

"I say, Jack," cried a gruff voice, "how strange that Slash would insist upon having the little barber, isn't it?"

"So it is," answered a voice of more discordant gruffness; "but, as we are well paid for it, let us have him out directly. Wrench open the coffin—stay, show a light—oh, here's the sack."

In obedience to this peremptory command, the former of the two, with a skill indicating no recent acquirement of that art, broke open the coffin, out of which the ghostly barber sprang with electric rapidity, and, as the terrified agents with loud outcries tumbled head over heels, leapt with incredible speed up the ladder at the mouth of the vault, and once more found himself a denizen of this upper world.

Tombstone nor heaving sod could impede the headlong course of the delirious barber. Over these he leapt, over those he tumbled, huddled, scrambled, till, gaining at length the path, he fled straight on, and, pitching himself into the high road, ran pell-mell against a female foot passenger walking swiftly along.

"Lord have mercy upon us! Is that you, Singe?" cried his wife (for it was indeed she). "How did you get out? Surely you were not tired of staying by yourself so long at home."

"How came I out?" said the barber, wildly, "that's the question. Tired of staying so long at home! I was tired of staying so long at my long home. Why, you've buried me alive; if it hadn't been for two fellows—mercy on us, what an escape!"

Here an explanation took place of the most exciting description.

"Well, come home now," urged the wife, when this indispensable conference was at an end; "we shall be discovered. To-morrow morning early we can escape. I have got the ten pounds from the Society, and"—

"I'll not go to London—hang the Seven Dials!" cried the barber. "I've had enough of these schemes. I shall expose all. I shall expose Slash; why, he wanted to cut me up, after all. I'll show him that I'm cut and come again. But this is all owing to Frizzle; d——n that Frizzle."

Almost as rapidly as these words were spoken did Singe hoist up the tattered train of his long bedgown, and, turning suddenly round, rushed in the direction of the surgeon's house, which he soon reached, and now, with gliding motion, entered through the shop door.

Slash was at that moment braying a difficult compound in a mortar, but, hearing a slight noise, looked up, when his eyes lighted upon the mischief-fraught countenance of Singe. I know not what degree of wild instinct it was that impelled him to launch the pestle at the head of this fearful apparition, but Singe evaded the deadly missile, and making a lounge forwards, as one skilled in the use of the small sword, entrapped with vicious gripe the nose of the doctor between his fingers,

"Wretch! wouldst thou disturb the repose of the dead?" said the barber, in a hollow voice.

"Awful spirit!" stammered Slash.

"Awful fiddlestick!" cried the barber, relaxing his hold. "I'm alive, and I don't care who knows it, and I mean to expose your iniquities. Good night." And the barber darted from the premises without further word.

As he hurried across the green a light attracted his attention. He knew it of old; it was a cheering ray shot from the parlour of the Griffin. He was irresistibly drawn to a spot so hallowed by recollections of former happiness, and, peeping over the blind, beheld two of his *quondam* boon companions.

"Yes, he certainly had many faults," said one (it was Grim the farrier)—"a shockingly vain man, and, for my part, I never could see what for."

"And not master of his business either," said the other (it was

Rusk the baker)—“a vile shaver, and such hair-cutting! Why, Frizzle”—

That hated name was enough. It awoke two tigers in the bosom of the listener.

“Dash my wig if that isn’t too bad,” he cried, and, once more lifting up his long bedgown, he pounced upon the handle of the door and precipitated himself into the middle of the room.

To paint the mortal terror of these utterly confounded customers were a vain attempt. Grim bit off the end of his pipe, which he crushed to powder between his teeth. Rusk fell back, with a loud shriek, into the coal-scuttle; while Spigot, who was at that instant entering from the bar-door with a pot of ale, stood rooted to the spot, the toe of one foot barely resting on the floor, till at length his frenzy of fear found vent in a prolonged and complaining whine.

“Spigot, I am alive, fear not,” said Singe, mildly, beckoning to him to approach; “hand me over that pot of ale, I am thirsty.”

And now a vast assemblage of neighbours dashed into the parlour, among whom Slash the surgeon struggled to obtain precedence.

“Make way for the doctor—room for the doctor,” was echoed on all sides, and Slash at last was permitted to approach his contemplated victim. Seizing the barber by the wrist, as though he were about to feel his pulse, he drew him aside and said with emotion,

“Singe, don’t reveal that unpleasant circumstance.”

“What will you give me?” demanded Singe.

“A hundred pounds.”

“When?”

“To-morrow.”

“A bargain,” said Singe. And he fell into the arms of his wife, who now, with a well-assumed rapture, staggered towards him.

“Neighbours,” said Slash, “our friend is yet very weak. Postpone therefore all your friendly and well-meant enquiries till to-morrow morning.” And Singe, carefully wrapped up in well-aired sheets and blankets, was borne home in triumph by a host of marvelling and relenting friends.

What myriads flocked on the morrow to obtain ocular demonstration of his existence, and once more to shake by the hand the resuscitated shaver! Mr. Upper crust, accompanied by Ichneumon and a party of gentlemen, condescended to sit awhile under the shadow of his roof-tree, nor left him without “golden opinions” of his wondrous adventure, and especial requests that he should call as heretofore and resume his professional avocations.

A HISTORY OF THE ANCIENT PHILOSOPHY.—No. I.

(By *Cantabrigiensis*.)

INTRODUCTION.

THE history of philosophy occupies a most exalted station in the march of mind ; for it not only comprises the most noble works of man's intellect, but embraces also that species of research which has exercised the greatest influence on every branch of human knowledge.

Philosophy arises in the reflections which men make on the knowledge they have acquired, and in the necessity there is for certain methods by means of which they may increase their present stock of wisdom and enhance its value. It engenders a habit of enquiring by what studies certain acquirements have been attained, and is almost essential for the education of a sound understanding and the training it to those courses which make good men and useful members of the state. In its progress it leads or follows in the path of civilization, by turns taking a part in its formation and advancement, or feeling the effects of its growth.

No one endued with an elevated soul can open the annals of philosophy without feelings of veneration for the history which comprises so many antique traditions, so many important discoveries, so many profound controversies. We seek, with a just curiosity, to know the labours by which the most illustrious geniuses of all ages and all nations have shed their beams on the paths of wisdom, and have brought to light the secrets of a knowledge till then veiled from the eyes of mortals by an impenetrable obscurity. The commerce thus held with them will inspire us with a generous emulation. We shall perceive the causes of the progress already made, and of the errors committed. We shall be taught how to appreciate the merit or absurdity of different systems, and to observe the mutual aid the various sciences have lent to each other. We shall learn to form our judgment of theories from their principles as well as their effects, to know the limits of the empire of philosophy, and discover the voids which yet remain to be filled up,—above all, to distinguish true philosophy from false pretensions—the sober dress of science from the meretricious ornaments of empiricism.

The earliest period of which we have any authentic accounts in which philosophy was made a study and the subject of public instruction carries us back to the time when liberty first dawned on Greece—to the age of Thales, of Solon, of Pythagoras. It was at the end of this period that Anaxagoras flourished, and crowned it by the demonstration of the existence of a supreme Spirit—the greatest benefit that philosophy could bestow on the world.

The next begins from the time when Socrates taught by the example of his death as well as of his life,—by his practice as well as his precepts,—to how great a perfection the virtues of patience and forbearance may be brought, and how large a share they have in the production of surpassing wisdom and unequalled philosophy.

From this epoch may be dated the youth of knowledge. The four succeeding centuries gave us a Plato, an Aristotle, a Zeno of Citium, a Pyrrho, and an Epicurus. The entire realm of philosophy was visited by its enthusiastic votaries—no part was left unexplored; and, if their theories have proved false, the ground of their systems untenable, the fault is not to be laid to their want of excelling ingenuity or unwearied industry.

In the third division, however rife in political events, important not merely to the world of that time, but exercising a prospective influence over that of our own, we may rather remark the fading of science than its flourishing. When the mighty empire of Rome gave way beneath the weight of its northern enemies, and a reign of barbarism took place of that of civilization, philosophy was for a time enveloped in the same dark shadows, and its further progress, nay, its very existence, seemed forbidden for ever.

The revival of learning under Charlemagne and Alfred, and the rapid progress of the Arabs under the caliphs, mark the commencement of the fourth period. During this, the reign of scholastic philosophy, a slow—a very slow—advance was made in human knowledge; and for eight long centuries the gaudy show of subtleties vainly attempted to supply the place of original ideas and bold conceptions.

An extraordinary concourse of events determines the epoch at which the last period commences, about the conclusion of the fifth and beginning of the sixth centuries. Columbus added a new world to our old one. The art of printing was discovered, and by its ready dissemination of the opinions of individuals, the facilities it afforded for the promulgation of truth, paved the way for the reformation of the church by Luther and Calvin. The wisdom of Bacon and the skill of Galileo belong also to this brilliant era. Original minds gave scope to the breadth of their intellect, and opened for themselves new roads to distinction. The arts of peace prevailed over the excitements of war, and the gown of the student replaced the cloak of the soldier. Philosophy again shone forth in all her ancient splendour, breaking through the clouds and darkness of ignorance, like the sun through the mists of the morning. This restoration once begun there seem no limits set to the improvement of science, but those which divide mortality from the divine essence.

CHAPTER I.

FIRST PERIOD.—*The Origin of Philosophy.*

PHILOSOPHY may be viewed in two lights: as a science, and as an art.

As a science its first object is the study of the moral and intellectual nature of man: its second is the knowledge of the systems of all existing matter, the generality of the laws of the universe, and the connection between cause and effect.

Considered as an art its end is the application of the theories obtained by it in its former character to practical purposes, and the education and exercise of our faculties.

In its latter character of an art philosophy arrived at a comparatively perfect state immeasurably sooner than it did in its more noble one of a science. It is not difficult to account for this rapid progress when we reflect that what is applied to practical purposes displays its utility to all at the first view, and is eagerly followed by some from the desire of profiting by the advantages to be derived from it, by others from motives which are easily conceived, knowing as we do the more pressing necessity for action than for thought, in addition to which every experiment is an advance in practical philosophy, while we must collate the results of long experience before we can venture to lay down a theory, establish a fundamental law, or attribute certain effects to the same invariable cause.

We possess but few of those facts which, if recorded, might enlighten the darkness in which the first age of human reason is shrouded, both on account of the great space of time intervening and the nature of the circumstances enquired into. This poverty of intelligence left a wide field open for conjecture, and we have accordingly a vast number of hypotheses, some of which are not only ingenious but highly probable.

Plato and Aristotle taught that philosophy owed its birth to admiration. Others have assigned for its origin curiosity, the necessity which our reason has for the exercise of its activity, the desire of obtaining a uniform system. Adam Smith has given it to surprise and the tendency of the human mind to account for phenomena, to reconcile discrepancies, and to fill up the chasms which separate them. All these theories are, to a certain extent, correct; for many causes and circumstances must have combined to produce the effect in question, and it is more than probable that each of these conjectures is an approximation to the truth, or at least to a part of it.

The intellectual man is curious to know the past and the future. He craves after the explanation of all by which he is surrounded; and this he can only find by tracing every thing to its origin. He devotes his whole energies to the discovery of first principles, that he may trace ultimate effects to their final causes.

Every thing in existence is constantly undergoing some change, and such is the first idea presented to the speculative mind. It is not yet prepared to receive the idea of a creation. From unformed but pre-existent matter, in other words, chaos, it supposes all to have originated by successive changes. The analogy there is among the creeds of antiquity is a striking example of this tendency of the human intellect. The Indians, the Chinese, the Chaldeans, the Egyptians, the Phœnicians, the Persians, all admitted similar doctrines. They were to be found also in ancient Greece and among the Etrusci. According to Berosus the Chaldean, the universe at first consisted of water, inhabited by every species of monster. This darksome realm was divided by Belus into the heavens and the earth. The latter he bedewed with the blood of an inferior deity, from which arose man and the rest of the animal creation. In the heavens he placed the sun, the moon, the planets, and the stars. The Indian traditions set forth that Vishnù, their supreme deity, at first lay in a deep sleep in a lake of milk, alone with power and wisdom. After a

thousand years of repose he resolved to produce the world. The rays of the divine sun caused a flower to blow on a branch which had grown out of his body: this flower brought forth Bramah, the first-born of Vishnù. He desired to penetrate the secret of his existence, and remained for a thousand years enclosed in the plant, as a punishment for his curiosity. After having expiated his offence by this long imprisonment, he was enlightened by the divine spirit, and invested with the power of arranging the universe. Such are some of the ancient traditions of the most primitive nations of the world.

A belief in the existence of deities was the natural consequence of these poetical yet energetic emanations of human ingenuity; and their separation into good and evil almost immediately follows. All events were included under these two denominations, and attributed to the operations of two opposing principles.

The Persians have the principal share in the establishment of this hypothesis. After a time a man appeared among them, known by the name of the second Zoroaster, who, restoring the idea of absolute unity in the primitive cause, separated it entirely from matter; and the image of a supreme spirit shone above the soar of mortal ken in all its purity. The sun, which he made the object of his worship, was but a symbol of this God; and to Zoroaster we must yield the honour of the greatest step ever made by one man towards the perfection of philosophy. He left to the Persians the tradition of two subordinate principles, Ormusd and Ahriman, both proceeding from the same superior source, but whose favour the first alone, as that of good, preserved. With these also he associated the idea of eternity.

From this grand and fundamental conception was derived the doctrine of emanation. This supreme spirit, of which the infant population of the world had had but a partial view, appeared in all its brilliancy, divested of the shackles in which they had bound it. A world of spirits like itself flowed from it, and the universe was peopled with these aërial beings accordingly. The human reason possessed of so refined an idea wished to derive from it a general solution of their theological difficulties. These spirits were distributed into an immense hierarchy, which spread in a short time over the whole creation, bearing with it the principle of life; and thus the primitive monotheism became a sort of pantheism. The soul of man was more especially considered as a portion of this vast system, an important element issuing from the inexhaustible source. Hence, by an easy transition, they were led to conceive the soul as holding direct and constant communication with the head of the immaterial world—as forming its ideas by the agency of the supreme spirit, and as acting from the reflection of a similar movement in it.

Here we find a theory of human knowledge the most simple, but the most exalted, that could offer itself to the untutored imagination. But yet another result is to be traced to these causes. After this triumph of spirit over matter the conqueror pushed his advantage, and endeavoured to annihilate his adversary. It was agreed that, as our reason could not admit the existence of that which did not emanate from the divine spirit, therefore that which was not of the nature of that spirit could have no existence, was a mere shadow, a fugitive

cloud. Thus the results of meditation, having prevailed over the senses, compelled them to submit to an interdiction from the belief of the truth of their perceptions. Here the doctrine of idealism, the apparent end of long systems of philosophy, appears to be the point from which they started, when the inexperienced mind sought for the first principles of science and had no means of executing its arduous task, but by trusting to its own bold conceptions and conscious strength.

The *Maharabat*, one of the sacred books of India, puts these words into the mouth of Schah Palak: "The senses are but the instruments of the soul; it can derive no knowledge through their channel." The system of emanation was common to the Egyptians, the Phœnicians, the Chaldeans, the Persians, and the Indians. Idealism was adopted by the sages of these two latter people, served for the base of their doctrines, and is still retained in India by the Brahmins of the highest caste.

These primitive philosophers seem then to have instituted a sort of psychology, but which was at its origin, like all other sciences, almost entirely speculative. Its end seemed rather to be the explanation of the nature of the mind than to observe the laws to which its powers are subjected.

The hypothesis which spiritualised the whole universe, which gave a soul to animals, to plants, to the elements themselves, and supposed a direct communication between the Omniscient and Almighty Being and the human mind, was favourable to the doctrines of divination. Superstitious practices, enhanced in authority by the mysterious solemnities which accompanied them, became a part of religion, and were confounded with it. Hence the success of magic, and its important place in the worship of antiquity. The astonishing and rapid progress of these mystic doctrines is to be attributed in part to the privileged character of the initiated, in part to their being favourable to the presumption of man's aspirations.

Such are the first hypotheses of philosophy of which we possess any written record. They are wonderful for their hardihood and grandeur; and, like all monuments of antiquity, are admired by modern sophists for the gigantic proportions which are not to be found in their own comparatively puny conceptions.

When nature first offered itself to the views of reason, it took two general forms, both the offspring of the imagination. The one consisted in establishing laws of universal application; the other in giving an intellectual character to sensible phenomena. But, together with these general forms, two particular orders of knowledge arose and obtained a specific and individual character, namely, ethics and mathematics. Their invention and progress are to be assigned to especial causes. They both enjoy this advantage—they can dispense with external aid, and only require the assistance of solitary meditation and profound thought.

The science of ethics can scarcely be called the creature of invention. It is an innate feeling, a "still small voice," to which, in a greater or less degree, we must all lend our attention. It is the most noble impulse of nature, to which the knowledge of what is good only adds the desire of attaining that which is better.

This science would naturally date its origin from the birth of civilization, as they are intimately allied. We shall find at its first rise positive precepts and practical rules clothed in an allegorical dress, to render them familiar and palatable to the ears of the uninformed vulgar. Religious notions were disguised under the veil of mythology, and the maxims of morality were propagated in fables. The limited state of human wisdom did not admit at this time of a definite and distinct knowledge of the principles of disinterested duty or well-regulated interest.

We, nevertheless, meet with many rules of great generality scattered here and there; such as the celebrated maxim, "Do that to others which you would have them do to you," and some definitions which give promise of a more fortunate development.

Common sense dictated the first rules of conduct. But the system of emanation and the doctrines of mysticism introduced a new order of ideas and precepts in ethics, whose essential object was to conduct the soul to that degree of purity necessary for a commerce with the source of all wisdom, in all the sublime relations attributed to it.

The ideas of quantity and magnitude are the first which present themselves to the speculative mind. They mark the most sensible, the most universal, and the most constant relations. They govern space and time. They measure motion. Their combinations are reproduced under every form that invests matter. They precede these forms and survive their existence. They compose the internal architecture of the whole edifice of the creation. By the simplicity of the ideas connected with them they much facilitate all attempts at generalization. Lastly, by opening a boundless field, they offer a fitting aliment to the unlimited activity of the mind. Hence the origin of mathematics.

Men were led by their first ideas of theology to regard the heavens with an attentive eye as the seat of the deities, and of course the phenomena of astronomy did not long escape their notice. These phenomena have a fixed regularity and slow motion, which permits a more careful investigation of their circumstances. In their general character they are majestic and harmonious. In their details there is a splendour which attracts the attention and delights the imagination. Their uniform symmetry and systematic arrangement readily allow them to be referred to general and immutable laws. The motions of the heavenly bodies are naturally associated with the ideas of geometry and the operations of analysis. They involve their purest and most accurate applications. It is not therefore astonishing that astronomy should have been the first physical science to which the aid of mathematics was called, and that they should have been cultivated in unison from the highest antiquity. The other branches of science required more numerous and various observations of facts on which to build their theories, which facts were not so readily distinguished or so easily reconciled. Hence their later birth and slower progress. To give an instance, medical science, than which no one of more practical utility exists, was long before it attained any tolerable degree of perfection, though the motives for the study of it were so imperative and the demand for its aid was so universal.

Astronomy and mathematics are important to the interests of civilization, from the assistance they lend to the arts, to agriculture, navigation, and geography, by the means they afford of fixing that measure of time which is the framework of all our remembrances, the regulator of our existence. Here again we trace the impatient haste which characterizes the infancy of reason, the tendency to pass over the intervening steps and suppose causes rather than leave effects unexplained. Astrology was nursed in the same cradle with astronomy. Man attaches so much interest to the knowledge of future events that he promptly seizes on every opportunity of forming an art of divination; and the influence of the celestial bodies over the great phenomena of nature offered, by their analogy, a tempting field to the imaginative disciples of prophecy, who connected man so intimately with all else in existence that they considered the same foresight might calculate the changes of a season and the events of a life.

Having thus taken a cursory view of the origin of philosophy in the countries of Asia, let us turn our eyes to Greece. There its progress was slower; but as its development in the first period was by a similar process, and as the materials were most probably borrowed from the eastern sages, the account of the one will throw a light on the history of the other. Like them the Greeks used the language of poetry as their interpreter. The theogony of Homer and Hesiod personify the powers of nature. The Orphic mysteries and initiations were the vehicles in which their speculative doctrines were transmitted.

The mythology of the Greeks was emblematic of the revolutions of the universe and the works of nature. But, as they borrowed much of their primitive knowledge from foreign nations, the obscurity of this mixture of heterogeneous elements became the more impenetrable. Historical recollections and biographical anecdotes became confounded with the emblems which expressed the motions and changes of the system of the universe. The poets, when they possessed themselves of these brilliant conceptions, used them, as the property of genius, with the licence of an art whose chief characteristics are invention and embellishment. The traces of the ideas contained in the original allegories were continually fading away. At the same time mythology received from them a new life. Benignant spirits peopled the earth and the water, and animated the air, breathed in the plants, and presided over the arts. A never-ending festival gladdened the face of nature. The delicate nymphs and modest graces hymned it on their lyres. The youth of the mind luxuriated in these sportive creations of fancy, was adorned by all the ephemeral beauties of imagination, and flowers seemed to spring from the footsteps on its pathway. By some Greek authors Homer has been styled the father of philosophy. And he deserves the title at their hands, for having united in one great system the allegories and fables of mythology, and having clothed them in the most brilliant possible dress, given them to the admiration of future ages.

According to Diogenes Laertius, Dinus, who lived anterior both to Homer and Hesiod, wrote a book on the generation of the

world, which began with this remarkable sentence: "There was a time when all things were made." Aristophanes has preserved a description of these cosmogonies, where chaos is represented as the beginning of all things. Love impregnated it, and from their union arose the heavens and the earth, and the sea, and all their inhabitants. Hesiod develops this idea, and details the allegorical generation of beings. Here we meet with an idea of two pre-existent and co-eternal principles, the supreme intelligence being personified under the name of Eros, or Love.

The mysteries, although not mentioned by either Homer or Hesiod, are supposed to have existed before their time, and form the link which connects the chain of Greek and oriental philosophy. The transmission of certain doctrines which tended to refine and elevate the mind formed a part of their initiation. According to Socrates, Cicero, and Celsus, they recognised a first cause, and invested it with the attributes of a supreme judge, the power of rewards and punishments. They taught some of the phenomena and some of the laws of nature, and admitted the intervention of genii or angels. Finally, these doctrines contained a sort of pantheism, easily reconcilable with the system of emanations.

The ethics publicly taught by the wise men of early Greece consisted chiefly of political dogmas. They were legislators as well as philosophers, and their precepts generally relate to the actions of civil life. This practical wisdom differs essentially from that of the Asiatics, inasmuch as it tends by its commendations to the promotion of virtue and patriotism.

(To be continued.)

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

TO MYRRHA.

OH that together we could share this hour,
This soft sweet hour of twilight's holy calm,
When earth looks beautiful, and every flow'r
Sheds from its drooping petals tears of balm!

That we might be—as we have been—alone,
Watching the sunset in the golden west,
And the bright stars uprising one by one,
Like love's sweet heralds in the human breast.

Thy moulding hand enclasped in mine,—thy words
Tender and tuneful as the lute's low strain,
When the faint night-wind breathes amongst its chords,
Filling my soul with sweetly thrilling pain.

Or silent, in those passionate thoughts that need
An eloquence of more than mortal power,
That, gazing in thy blue eyes, I might read
The love that crowns me with thy heart's rich dower.

But *here* I miss thee, and my spirit springs
O'er space and time to seek thy bosom's shrine—
That home of truth and pure imaginings
Where ever rest my hopes,—my Myrrha, mine.

HAFED.

THE WATCH-TOWER OF KOAT-VEN.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF M. EUGENE SUE.]

(Continued from page 145.)

THE rose-tinged mist of early dawn announced the approaching levee of the beaming sun. The stars still twinkled in the azure vault; the keen invigorating breeze of morn played with the trembling foliage; all nature was lulled in silence and repose, and the air wafted the redolent sweets of those delicious aromatic herbs that yield their rich perfume only to the amorous breath of night. In the outskirts of the little town of St. Renan, at the extremity of its sombre tortuous streets, narrowed by tall dwellings which arched their ancient fretwork across the road about a hundred yards from the massive gate, stood an old gray wall, half curtained in the sweeping foliage of luxuriant groups of trees. The gaping crevices and time-worn hollows of the crumbling wall were now fringed with creeping ivy, the variegated convolvulus, and bright green parietary, which spread in clustering garlands upon its sides. A little worm-eaten door, ensconced in the angle of the wall, led into a garden overgrown by the luxuriant and neglected vegetation of a dense mass of brambles, which every where spread across the path, in defiance of the foot of curiosity. The view beyond this wild and formidable barrier would well repay the lover of solitude for his exertions in reaching it.

In the midst of a beautiful lawn, bedecked with richest groups of roses, jasmines, and honeysuckles, stood a small thatched cottage. The dewy mist had fled before the radiant beams that now gilded the highest cones of the stately trees, and fell in brightest rays upon the bursting petals of awaking dew-bathed blossoms. The choristers of the air broke forth their melodious worship to the returning day, and the bright butterflies shook the feathery down from their wings, as they hovered through the air mingling in the glittering circles of the dancing may-fly.

The cottage door was opened by a man about forty years of age, clothed in a dark camblet dress; his hair, without powder, was tied carefully in a crapand knot. His features were disfigured by the countless scars of a severe small-pox; he was thin, shrivelled, and bent forward as if by age. In his hands he held a plate upon which was a bowl filled with boiled milk, which he stirred with careful assiduity. He softly approached the door of the antichamber and placed his ear to the key-hole; then, hearing no movement within, he withdrew on tiptoe to the kitchen. Three or four times he repeated his enquiry; but each time his face expressed a fresh inquietude, and his gestures displayed a rising impatience, which he endeavoured to subdue lest he should create the smallest noise.

As he advanced for the fifth time, still holding the bowl of milk in his hand, the door suddenly opened, and he burst forth into an ex-

pression of delight and surprise as he exclaimed, "Good Heavens, brother, how late you are to-day! I was sadly anxious. Here is your milk, brother, take it while it is warm—brother—brother." But the brother heard him not, and continued his walk towards the garden, while the other followed him timidly, carrying the bowl of milk in his hand.

The man for whom the bowl of milk had been prepared was the learned astronomer Rumphius, who had been for some time occupied upon the astronomy and religion of the Hindoos. He was a short man, of a brownish olive-coloured complexion, with an enormous bust, which contrasted strangely with his diminutive arms and legs. His nose was very long and spattered with daubs of snuff, eyebrows thick and gray, and the most awkward gait possible. The knee-ties of his old velvet breeches were negligently flowing down his legs; his stocking, for he had but one, was twisted in spiral folds around one of his legs, whilst the other remained quite bare. One foot bore upon it the remains of a slipper, while the other had found its way into the wrong shoe. His shirt was unbuttoned and neck uncovered. One arm only was inserted into the sleeve of his dressing-gown; the other floated behind him like the sleeve of a hussar's jacket. To complete the picture of this musing philosopher, his hair stiffened into points, and, in snake-like disorder, escaped in tufts from beneath an old damask cap, which had once been blue, placed sideways upon his head.

Sulpice, who was aware of the impossibility of arousing his brother from his meditative abstraction by the simple aid of his voice, led him, as he was frequently obliged to do, insensibly towards the wall of the house. As soon as Rumphius stumbled against this obstacle he was restored to himself for a moment, and fell from the airy regions of thought to the terrestrial atmosphere. Sulpice seized with delight the auspicious chance, and thrust the dear bowl of milk into his hand, and he tossed it off at a single draught. Taking advantage of his position, Sulpice kneeled at his feet for the purpose of improving the appearance of his brother's legs. In the mean time Rumphius having emptied the bowl brought it mechanically to the level from which he had received it, and, there being nothing ready to support it there, it fell to the earth and was shattered to atoms.

The crash brought Sulpice upon his legs. "Good God! brother," said he in a tone of mild remonstrance, "you should have called me—you have broken the bowl to atoms." "So it is," said Rumphius, with an air of surprise; "the bowl is broken. Well, Sulpice, such is the simple offering with which the worshippers of Vishnu kneel before their god—a simple broken vessel! while they invoke the grace of Nandy Kichara, the king of birds, who has magnificent wings, a sharpened beak, and who feeds on serpents. They break before him a vase of baked clay, after having most respectfully touched with it their nostrils and their great toe. Isn't that truly primitive, Sulpice? For they conceive that this Nandy Kichara is one of the seven stars of which—when the"—here the voice of the astronomer became mute, and he doubtless finished the description to himself, for his abstraction was always so complete that he forgot entirely his interlocutor,

returned to his own thoughts, and sprang with new ardour in pursuit of the satellites and symbolic planets of Vishnù.

Perceiving that his brother's attentions were no longer engaged on this world, Sulpice tried to introduce the rebel arm of the philosopher into the truant sleeve, but his attempts were fruitless; the sleeve still floated on the breeze like the jacket cuff of a hussar. After a deep sigh he collected the scattered fragments of his dear bowl, while Rumphius continued his walk, sometimes with slow and solemn steps, at others hurrying on precipitately, and was soon lost in the shadows of a dark alley which led into the recesses of the solitude.

Joseph Rumphius, a celebrated optician of Brest, was the father of Sulpice and his learned brother. Having discovered in the elder, whom he preferred to Sulpice, great and precocious talent for the study of abstract science, he had so far encouraged and developed this power that his son became, on his return from Paris, where he had been sent to perfect his education, a most distinguished astronomer and mathematician.

Sulpice, on the other hand, inferior to his brother in intellect, was possessed of a most angelic sweetness of disposition, and, in spite of the unjust treatment of his father, never for an instant neglected his assiduous duty towards him. While in Brest he minded the shop, and employed himself in the affairs of housekeeping; and later, when his father retired from business to his little habitation at St. Renan, Sulpice followed him thither, in spite of his cruel partiality for his brother, and paid him the last and tenderest attention. On his father's death Sulpice devoted himself with the same attachment and singleness of affection to his brother as he had before done to his father's wants.

Rumphius was professor of mathematics in the marine school at Brest when Count Vaudrey was wishing to prepare his son for admission into the navy. Having heard of the celebrity of the astronomer, the count proposed to him that he should leave public instruction and devote himself to the education of his son Henry, promising for his trouble an equivalent income, which would moreover enable him to pursue his favourite studies without the loss of time which necessarily accompanies a public chair. Rumphius accepted the task, and soon prepared his scholar for his embarkation under the command of M. de Suffren.

Having concluded the education of his pupil, Rumphius came to dwell in his little cottage at St. Renan, which he rarely quitted except for the purpose of making a few meteorologic experiments at the tower of Koat-ven. Sulpice appeared to have charged himself with the business of supporting the material existence of Rumphius. He contrived by unwearying care to spare his brother even the obligation of believing himself indebted to him, and his promptitude and address were so great that they appeared a necessary part of his nature.

Rumphius had, notwithstanding, a peculiarity in the highest degree distressing to Sulpice, and which caused him many bitter tears. Absorbed continually in an infinity of calculations and hypotheses, he often felt, after a day consecrated to profound researches and abstract

enquiries, the want of a stimulant to a tardy and difficult digestion. Coffee, it is true, would have succeeded perfectly in effecting this end; but the astronomer, aware of the unhappy effects that might result from the habitual use of this stimulant, feared to encounter it. To make up, however, for this means of excitation, he endeavoured by irritating his brother to arouse him to a spirited contradiction. This, he hoped, might give rise to a violent and impassioned discussion, so that forcing the physical system by moral elevation he might succeed in producing a salutary action upon his organs of digestion, and reap all the advantageous results of the strongest and hottest Mocha without any of its inconveniences.

Here he had to contend with the natural mildness and good temper of Sulpice, which often raised terrible obstacles to the easy digestion of the astronomer, and, after twenty fruitless attempts to induce a dispute, Rumphius, in despair, would abuse his brother for the objection which he pretended to have to discussion, an objection which he declared arose only from obstinacy and a pure disposition to contrariety. In good truth, it may well be imagined that for a man of his character nothing could be more disagreeable than to dispute alone. There is nothing so well fitted to kindle the blaze of discussion as a severe answer or an impertinent remark.

Unhappily, poor Sulpice did not understand his brother's strange disposition, and the more he was abused as a quarrelsome opponent the more he sought to anticipate the most trivial wishes and slightest objections of Rumphius, *inde iræ*, for never in his life had the kind creature been able to answer no.

Rumphius looked down upon his brother as from a great height. He saw him engaged in details of natural existence which he considered so ignoble and vulgar that, without positive ingratitude, he conceived his conduct as merely natural; a kind of instinct whispered him that, placed himself so high in the scale of intelligence, it was very reasonable to expect that a creature of an inferior sphere should devote himself to his supply of food, drink, and sleep, and occasionally also serve him as stimulant to his digestion. Not that he was not, on the whole, sincerely attached to his brother, but he could not conceive a pleasure or inconvenience that had not its source in mathematical knowledge. Alas! Sulpice had never an equation or differential calculus to be solved, or he would then have acknowledged the value of such a brother.

It was on the evening of the day on which the bowl had been so cruelly smashed that Sulpice, after having watched carefully the cooking of the dinner, and prepared their frugal repast with the most attentive nicety, awaited his brother, the accustomed hour being some time past. To moderate his impatience he busied himself in readjusting the saltcellars, arranging the table-mats with additional symmetry, wiped the already clean glasses, turned his brother's lounging chair so that the setting sun might not dazzle his eyes; then went to the kitchen, took his place at the window, and all without the slightest complaint, repressing even the sighs which the fate of two beautiful fishes, drying up before the fire, naturally excited in his breast.

Rumphius at last appeared ; his brother trembled, for he appeared more absorbed in thought and fatigued than usual. Sulpice anticipated a storm of contradiction.

"Good evening, dear brother," said Sulpice, shaking Rumphius by the hand. "Good evening, brother," answered the astronomer, affectedly. "Will you dine, dear brother? you have been studying since the morning and must find your head fatigued; you require rest." If Rumphius had finished his dinner, he would certainly have found in this simple phrase at least three subjects for dispute. He noted them without uttering a syllable, and continued eating. "I have prepared these mullets as our father was wont to like them; dost thou remember, brother?" Rumphius gave a nod of assent. "It would afford me great gratification if they be agreeable to thee." Rumphius answered by stretching out his plate. The countenance of poor Sulpice beamed with unmingled joy, delighted to see his brother's appetite improved.

"Do you know, brother," said Sulpice, with an expression of dignity, stopping in the middle of his dinner to fetch some sheets of paper covered with a grayish-blue wrapper, "I have here the *Mercuré de France*, which says some very flattering things of you, and"—"Pshaw! nonsense!" grumbled Rumphius, as he cleared the last remnants from a fish-bone. "Have you any thing else to eat?" "Yes, brother, a nice hot cake, which I have kept well warmed for you." In rising, the chair creaked. "What a dreadful disturbance!" cried Rumphius; for having eaten in excess he began to feel a want of contradiction. "I beg your pardon, brother," said Sulpice, trembling. "Were you, not, however, so abominably obstinate," answered the astronomer, "we should have a servant to wait upon us, and thereby escape this eternal creaking of chairs, which continually annoys me." "But, brother, you yourself commanded me not to take a servant, lest he might disturb your papers, or meddle with your instruments." "Ah! that is,—," interrupted Rumphius, delighted with the turn which the conversation took, "that is, I want one thing to-day, and to-morrow another; I am a maniac, an idiot; I contradict myself continually; I am fit for confinement; they ought to administer douches to my head! Very fine, truly, douches to my head!" continued the astronomer, already most agreeably excited. "But no one says or even thinks so, my dear brother. You wish to have a servant, and you shall have one; I was wrong; pray pardon me." Submissiveness was not consistent with the astronomer's wants. Driven from the field in one attack, he now turned to another. "Sulpice," said he, "you said just now that I looked fatigued; do I indeed look as though I suffered pain?" "You bore the marks of weariness when you entered; they are now gone, brother." "That is to say," replied Rumphius, "I put on an appearance of fatigue that I might be pitied. And what can have removed my weariness? It must have been the table, and you would infer that the table is the charm to chase my ennui—pretty brutish this—that I make a deity of my appetite;—do say at once that I get drunk, that I destroy myself by excess; call me Tiberius, swinish epicure, Vitellius, Sardanapalus!" "I do not say so, my dear brother." "Ah, a fine answer,

truly. You do not say so! I am charmed with this reason. You do not say so! That is all that is wanting to complete the abuse, eh! truly;—but I suppose you do say so, and then would I treat you as you deserve—as—” “But as I do not say so, brother.” “There you go again; you see you oppose me continually; pure obstinacy on your part, rage for discussion, for dispute. What! you want to commence again. I tell you that I suppose—so, starting with a supposition, surely I may tell you that you are in the wrong, that you mistake the authority which you arrogate over me, that—that—” Therefore, starting with a supposition, Rumphius gave free course to his humour, in the hope of exciting the anger or tears of Sulpice; but the poor brother, seeing that he had started with merely a supposition, was not to be moved, and just at the moment when Rumphius, quite out of breath, was terminating his philippic with the words, “You are a wicked brother, a Judas,”—in expectation of a bitter reply, he answered with a smile, and with the most innocent calmness, “That is to say, you *suppose* that I am a Judas; for we commenced with a supposition, brother, and you know how much I love you.”

The astronomer was silent; the passion which was already chasing the tardy globules in their course was suddenly checked. This answer cast ice upon the glowing furnace. He must begin again, and would certainly have choaked with disappointment had he not found means to resume the attack.

“By the way, Sulpice,” said he, what were you telling me of the *Mercuré de France*?” “They praise you highly, brother, for your labours on the astronomy of India.” The astronomer breathed again. “Well, then,” said he to Sulpice, “you will not deny, I hope, that the portrait of the genuine Gorou of the sect of Siva is, as I have declared and proved besides, drawn from the *Vedanta Sara*.” “No, brother; but you know that I am too ignorant of your learning to understand at all the nature of these sciences, and that—” “Pshaw! eternal waywardness—you know it just as well as I do, but the desire for opposition misleads you. Now, according to the *Vedanta Sara*, the genuine Gorou is he who has seen Gocarnam and Calestry with his own eyes. But behold he is nothing but a scoundrel, a villain, a vagabond, says the Pringuery to Gocarnam and Calestry. This scoundrel, this villain, this vagabond, is Hoetquel, who pretends to prove the heresy by means of the *Tamular Grammar* of father Breschio. But answer me then, Sulpice—you stand there immovable! You see Hoetquel insult me, contradict me, and you take not my part. You are perhaps delighted? Ah! I see you are pleased—very well.”

“Hoetquel is certainly in the wrong, as far as I can see,” answered Sulpice quickly, willing to say any thing to conciliate the views of Rumphius, and knowing how exasperated he became on the bare mention of the name of his learned antagonist, whom Rumphius hated with that inflexible intensity which often exists between philosophers holding opposite opinions, “Hoetquel is in the wrong.”

“Hoetquel is in the wrong! Not at all. He is perfectly right as far as the *Vedanta* is concerned.” “I mistook the question, then, brother,” sighed Sulpice; “Hoetquel is right.”

"Ah! there I hold you," cried the astronomer, almost beside himself for joy. "Ah! you think him right, do you? Hoetquel right! Ah! I am in the wrong—I am an ass—a fool! But you know what I should answer to Hoetquel, or rather to you, for you declare yourself one with Hoetquel, since you adopt his heresies and prefer him before me. Now then, Hoetquel, vagabond, since you are in the right, who is the genuine Gorou of the sect of Siva? Is it not he who has bathed his limbs in all the holy pools, such as the Souria-pouchkanary, Ichendra-pouchkanary, Indra-pouchkanary, hey? Answer me, I say! Is he not the genuine Gorou, hey?"

"He is the genuine Gorou, brother; yes, he is the true Gorou." "Don't call me, brother! Hoetquel! Ah! you do not know that Gorou signifies master or guide. Kings are the Gorous of their kingdoms. Ah! you know it not," cried the astronomer, furious with rage, and you wish in cold blood, in gaiety of heart, to attack with the fury of a wild beast, of a tiger, the works of a poor author who dwells in the seclusion of solitude, and is worth a myriad of Hoetquel's. And you think that I will be insulted with impunity. I say you insult me, Hoetquel, and you shall confess that you know nothing of the genuine Gorou." Rumphius seized the trembling Sulpice by his dress, and shook him violently; but the exertion was too great for his strength, and he fell, fainting, into the arms of his brother. Sulpice placed him in a chair, and wiped the large drops of perspiration from his forehead. "Be calm, my brother; I pray you pardon me."

"No, no, Sulpice, it is I that am wrong," said Rumphius, feeling his intention effected; "the warmth of discussion made me unreasonable. You know that as soon as the quarrel is at an end I think no more of it. Do pardon me, Sulpice, you are, indeed, the best creature that ever descended upon the golden mountain of Maha Merow, as Brahma writes. But do forgive me." "Say no more about it, my dear brother," answered Sulpice, "but come quickly to bed, for you must be dreadfully exhausted."

Sulpice did not retire to his own little chamber till he had watched Rumphius to sleep, and was about to throw himself upon his couch when he was startled by three violent knocks at the cottage door. All he feared was the repose of his brother, and he hurried down as quickly as he was able, and called through the key-hole of the antichamber, "Who's there? What do you want?"

"Are you not the astronomer Rumphius," answered a voice. "I am his brother; he is asleep, but speak more softly, for the love of heaven." "Give him this letter, which I will slip under the door. He must, upon condition of great misery if he refuse, he must deliver it himself to Count Vaudrey, who is at present in Paris. Swear by your soul that it shall be done."

"Mon dieu! I swear it," answered Sulpice, trembling from head to foot. "Here it is, then," cried the voice; "it relates to the duchess of Almeida." At the same instant a letter was slipped beneath the door, and Sulpice listened to the receding echoes of the stranger's footsteps.

Eight days subsequent to this adventure, the astronomer, Rum-

phius, was presented to the Count de Vaudrey. "I am the bearer of a letter on the part of a duchess who my brother tells me is recently dead," said Rumphius, as soon as the introductory salutations were past.

"What! dead! What duchess is dead?" cried Henry. "A Spanish duchess, who resided near St. Renau." "Do you know what you are saying, Rumphius?" enquired the count, eagerly. "It cannot be! It is impossible!" "It is indeed true," answered Rumphius; "the funeral was magnificent; money was distributed profusely among the poor, and the curate of Renan, an intimate friend of mine, administered the last offices to the dying lady." "Good God!" cried Henry, "I am convinced she loved me. Her devotion, her offers, her despair, all proved too clearly; and, to reward her love, I have brought destruction upon her." He burst the seal of the letter, which he yet contemplated with horror, and read its contents. The characters were in the commencement plain and legible; towards the close they had lost their form, and became so confused that it was evident that the duchess must have been dying when the pen fell from her hand.

"Henry, I have deceived you; all that was said of me is true. Can you pardon me? I have had lovers, and you are not the cause of my death. My only wish in this world is to confess my guilt to you, but I feared that the time would not be granted. I feel the hand of death; my head scarcely supplies me with ideas to express myself; my tears have been incessant. You have no part in my death; I alone am culpable. Alas! I have willed it so, and you are innocent. Do not regret me, for I have indeed deserved the hard fate which you have prepared for me. Adieu! Adieu! My sight fails, my hand stiffens; Henry, adieu!" Some illegible lines followed, but it was impossible to decypher them. In a note at the bottom of the page, which showed the discolouration produced by many tears, was written, in another hand, "Died October 13th, at two minutes after three in the morning."

"My dear Rumphius," said Henry, after a long silence, "I would be alone; you must excuse me." He then threw himself into his chair, while the astronomer, pained by his pupil's sorrow, slowly quitted the apartment. After perusing this letter, the count's bitterest reflection was—"I was not then her only lover."

This letter, his best justification both in his own eyes and in those of the world, was to him a source of torment; for he felt annoyed by the thought that he had no part in the duchess's death.

"Am I then a woman's dupe?" repeated Henry, after a pause, while egotism and vanity strove for mastery within his breast. "Believe thyself dupe," whispered Egotism, "and thou wilt sleep peacefully." "Think thyself a perfidious monster," said Vanity, "and if thou sleepest not thou wilt find consolation in the assurance that she has embraced death rather than renounce thy love." Vanity was in the right; from that moment Henry considered Rita's letter as a last and unanswerable proof of the passionate and slighted love which had lowered the unfortunate duchess to the grave.

It is night.—Nearly opposite to the Hotel de Vaudrey is a house

of simple exterior. On the third floor, in a bedchamber of humble appearance, a woman is seated before the table. She reads; a small mirror is by her side. She is wrapped in a long black mantle, and has her face concealed by a black velvet mask. She appears meditating deeply, and ever and anon trembles with inward emotion. She raises her hand to her forehead and presses it forcibly. Her eyes flash through the openings of her mask as she exclaims, in a deep tone, "Begone, faint heart." The book she is studying is strange—it is a treatise on poisons, by Ben-Afiz, an Arabian physician, translated into Spanish by José Orbey,—a work replete with so fearful a science that the Inquisition condemned it to be seized and burnt wherever it was found; and Philip V. expended an immense sum of money in purchasing copies for the purpose of destroying it altogether.—She rises, opens a large desk and withdraws from it a casket; it is filled with bank drafts, payable at the principal towns of Europe. The sum is enormous. Then raising the cape of her mantle she drew from her bosom a small steel chain, to which were suspended more jewels than would be required for the decoration of the most costly diadem. She sighed heavily, and, passing her hands over the jewels, she exclaimed, "Shall I have enough?"

The door of the apartment opened; a man entered and bowed respectfully; he was followed by one of those beautiful mountain greyhounds with long silken hair. The stranger removed his cloak and large slouched hat. His face was thin and much tanned by the sun. It was Perez, dressed in deep mourning. In two months he appeared to have grown older by ten years. The woman in the mask was Rita, late duchess of Almeida. "Well, Perez, what news?" "I have obtained the list, Madame, which you required." "Give it me," said Rita, somewhat hurriedly. She read. It contained names and addresses.—Bishop of Surville—Lelia—the chevalier de l'Eperie, &c. "And their houses, you have entered them, Perez?" "I shall soon succeed, Madame." "Have you attended to our disguises—my dress?" "To-morrow they will be here. But, Madame, you must—indeed you must remove this mask." Rita answered not. "All must be completed, and these are useless pangs you cause yourself." Rita was still silent. "That which is done is done—besides, it would be too late now"—

"Tell me, Perez," interrupted Rita, "did you see my funeral? was it magnificent?" "Splendid, Madame." "And suspicion, Perez?" "Not the slightest, Madame. You know that after the dismissal of your servants, whom you had assembled in your chamber to recompense before your death, myself and Joanna remained alone with you until the priest arrived. The chamber was darkened. You appeared dying. He administered to you, and after his departure we alone watched you, and, according to your express wishes, alone accompanied the coffin into the chapel-vault adjoining your oratory. The next day the coffin was on its road to Spain, accompanied by Joanna and the upper servants of your household, who conveyed it to the chateau de Libsyra, the mausoleum of your family."

"Has *he* received my letter, Perez?" "Yes, Madame; that astronomer handed it to him ten days since; I chose the man because

he knew both the priest and the physician, and he would not fail to give him an account of your death." "And what said he—*him*?" "*Him*? Why, he secluded himself for eight days, and would see no one; but, as his old servant says, he must decide something, so he is now almost gay again." Rita could not repress a slight ejaculation of pain. "But, Madame, this mask, in the name of Heaven tear it off—it must be so." After a moment of silence she answered, in a suppressed and trembling voice, "I am indeed ashamed—you will think me cowardly—but I dare not." "You dare not!" "No, Perez, I dare not. I fear to withdraw it." "Fear! Madame, you afraid! when twenty days since you exclaimed fearlessly, 'I will be avenged, and, lest my vengeance should be foiled, he must believe me dead. Even that is not enough; I must be disfigured, that he may gaze upon my face without a chance of recognition. How shall we effect it, Perez?' Ah! you had no fear then, Madame; you were courageous—decided. I told you of a secret I had got at Lima—a fierce corrosive that the Indians use to trace upon their bodies inefaceable marks. You did not fear then, when you exclaimed with indignation, 'I have sacrificed my rank, my name, my life, I would also sacrifice my beauty.' You did not then hesitate; this mask covered all. Is it now that you would fear,—fear when of all your beauty not a trace remains—fear when this mask conceals only features which none could recognize." With these words Perez burst asunder the cords which held the mask and it fell from her face.

Perez was unable to restrain an ejaculation of horror and astonishment at the sight which presented itself to him. This inflexible man loved his mistress with a complete and disinterested attachment, with that instinct which unites a dog to his master, and had vowed his life and soul to the vengeance of Rita.

Rita stood for an instant motionless, then rushed to the little mirror which stood upon the table, and threw herself, almost fainting with horror, upon the chair. Two large tears rolled down her cicatrized cheeks. The wretched woman was so disfigured that Perez only could have recognized the duchess of Almeida in those scarred features. "Good God!" she exclaimed, all is at an end—beauty, name, rank, all lost." "But vengeance, Madame," said Perez, seriously. Rita raised her head and exclaimed with a firm tone of voice, as she dried up her tears, "Pardon, my good Perez, pardon my injustice, my weakness, but I am a woman, I was beautiful, and you must excuse one last retrospect on a life so brilliant, so full of hope. But now all is forgotten. You shall see if I be wanting in energy. With that she seized the mirror and gazed upon her mutilated features for more than a minute without emotion. "Now, Perez, I breathe for vengeance—vengeance complete and dreadful."

"But should he die, Madame—should he die before your vengeance shall have brought despair upon his head?" "He shall not die," cried Rita, with a voice rendered prophetic by the conviction which it expressed; "he shall not die; I feel in my heart a certainty of the future. You must confess, Perez, that something unknown, superhuman, infernal, must have worked in me this certainty of success.

I feel sure of my vengeance at the appointed hour, and, should Satan himself say no, I would still persist."

"It must be indeed terrible, your vengeance." The duchess smiled bitterly. "Do you remember Cain, Perez—Cain with the mark of sin upon his brow, whom a fearful and destructive fatality followed in his steps, shedding death and desolation around him on every side, condemned to be for ever the centre of odious crime?"

"Well?" said Perez, trembling.

"Well! Cain the condemned—that shall be *him*—the fatality shall be Rita."

A FRAGMENT.

I WAS the child
Of early sorrows; for the hand that reared
My infancy, the bosom where I wept
Imaginary griefs, too soon withdrew
Their wholesome strength and shelter. Other cares
That sympathy controlled which I had dreamed
My own, my bright inheritance; and I,
Denied the tenderness I once embraced,
Became, ere yet the germ of mind disclosed
The bud of after-thought, a lone recluse,
A solitary in an unknown world
Of moral subtleties. How oft betrayed,
How far I wandered in that trackless maze
Which all—the idiot and the wise—pursue,
I need not now discourse, since time has closed
Almost upon the memory of those days.
But soon a summons to the couch of care—
It proved the couch of death—recalled the dream
Of other days: and fountains that had long
Denied their streams in envious torrents burst
Upon a broken heart; for there that hand
That bosom lay where I had oft reclined.
Trembling I glanced upon the pallid cheek,
The eye whose lustre grief, not time, had quenched,
And wondered if within a soul estranged
There yet survived a token of its love
For one, though long deserted, still a part
Of its own being. Time had not effaced
And sorrows but refined the bloom that once
My spirit loved, the mantle of that cheek,
And all, save those dim sightless eyes, brought back
The very tenderness my childhood knew.
I dare not with minuteness now retrace
The subtile transformations of the mind
In that emergency of hope and dread,
When every moment formed a history
Of painful revolutions. These are things
By all to be remembered, not rehearsed,
But, if thou canst a parallel divine,
Bethink thee of a heart whose tendrils twined
Around its parent stem, and knew no home
But in its soft embrace, developing
In many an artless trait the lineaments
It learned to love so well, until it grew

As bright an emanation as the gem
 It fondly clasped; then think thee of a blight
 That ere a morning's sun arose despoiled
 Both stem and blossom. Dost thou seek the cause?
 Ask of the night—who, sleepless, guides the storm
 And rules the elements, educing good
 From evil? God the mandate gives, and man
 Obeys. E'en from that hour of envious blight
 Which crept like winter on a summer's sky,
 I felt an undefined expression mock
 Repinings that would oft unbidden rise
 Against a dispensation so remote
 From all conjecture. God was in the storm
 Asserting his prerogative to reign
 Sole arbiter of earth, and air, and skies,
 And I, the weakest of his works, must needs
 The intervention of his will obey.
 These thoughts, companions of my solitude
 In after years, when time a mild restraint
 Imposed upon the impassioned soul, confirmed
 My longing for another brighter world;
 But then—like thee, when on that fatal rock
 Self-banished—I no beacon knew, nor found
 In busy search a pathway for the mind.
 And I had wandered on, self-willed, condemned,
 But God in judgment interposed, and through
 The gloom and darkness of that hour brought life
 And immortality to light.

* * * * *

But I was stationed by the bed of death,
 Though long the summons tarried, and I thought
 Sometimes the messenger had been recalled.
 Oh! how I longed identity with that
 Which seemed to slumber in its clay, alike
 Insensible to hope or dread! I feared
 Intrusion where no welcome might be found,
 And day and night consumed in fruitless search
 Of some stray token of that soul's repose
 In God. But hope, sustained by no defence—
 That principle which never yields—preserved
 My spirit from unseemly cares, and thoughts
 That never slumber in such scenes awoke
 The memory of the past. I could not look
 Intently on that silent sleepless form,
 Nor listen to the struggles of a sigh
 That would not be restrained, but Fancy drew
 Her sketch of morning's brightness, now eclipsed
 By deeper shadows than the night endures.
 And there before me, as in infancy,
 Through some dark vista, I beheld the train
 Of early brief realities—too brief
 For earth, who all her succours drew
 From sympathies so pure that her abode
 Befitted not their essence. And I saw,
 Depicted in a darker shade, the void
 That crept upon existence, and betrayed
 The broken cistern where my dream of hope
 Reposed; and, if a pang the bosom owned,

'Twas nature all, for I too dearly prized
My sorrows for the comforts they employed
And from such reveries, too oft indulged,
I woke, as one uncertain of the mood
That had beguiled existence, to renew
Acquaintance with myself. Alas! how few
Who make themselves their study may pretend
To certain knowledge of those principles
That travail in the birth of thought, and guide
The enterprise of mind! And I, too prone
To linger in the path where conscience led,
Saw days and months expire, and hope itself
Depart, that hope that e'en the dying one
At length forsook, ere from my lethargy aroused
I grasped the marble hand, and through my tears,
A poor atonement, prayed aloud that God
Would grant the pilgrim rest and peace in him!
O, if the unremembered deeds of Time,
Ere yet upon his brow the crest of age
Descended, could before me pass, and I,
With faculties appointed to the load,
The burthen of revelations bore,
They could not press so heavy on my heart
As that unearthly moan which in some deep
Unknown recess lay sepulchred till then.
What talisman was that to which a chord
Its last vibration echoed? Wake again,
Mysterious stranger! Though thy music shake
The elements within, I will endure
Thy awful, just reproach. Alas! in vain
I summoned its return—the strain had fled
For ever. What hath passed since then nor Time
Nor yet Eternity may know, till God
Unlock the prison-house of thought; but here,
Within my heart, that echo dwells, the guest
Of other days: and e'en before these eyes,
That look the fountains of repentant tears,
At intervals the vision of that hour
Returns, if not to bless, at least to wean
My soul to God. Bear with me yet awhile—
No secret hath these lips disclosed which I
Might wish concealed, nor dare the tongue offend
The dictates of the heart. Hast thou communed
With some departed spirit ere the flesh
It once inhabited grew pale and died?
Hast thou, in speechless breathless woe, surveyed
The wreck of all that once engrossed thy love,
If haply one faint fleeting pulse remained
To reassure thy hope? And hast thou paused
When all beside seemed weary of thy care,
And vexed at thy delays, to look upon
The study of an uncreated mind,
The architecture of the soul's abode,
So beautiful in ruins that there seemed
On earth no tabernacle half so fair?
Thus have I watched, with half-suspended breath,
The last farewell of spirits long prepared
For flight, whose presence then mortality

Could not recal to consciousness, and deemed
 Myself the handmaid of the grave! But since
 That awful night I never could renew
 Acquaintance with the dead, though I have held
 Communion with the part that never dies.
 I doubted at the first the evidence
 On which such intercourse could be sustained.
 I nothing saw nor heard with outward sense,
 So subtle was the medium that conveyed
 Perception to the mind; and, for its use,
 The body might have been dissolved. In those
 Mysterious intervals of life it formed
 No recognized appendage of the soul.
 Thou who hast studied the phenomenon,
 Say, what is mind? and wherefore doth it seek,
 In endless enterprise, an unknown good—
 Unknown if not attained? Is this a proof—
 This ever seeking that which not repays
 The search—an attribute of mind? And where
 Is its abode? Not this frail tenement,
 Compounded of such fatal principles,
 Of earth compounded. It disdaineth earth,
 And with one bound the arch of heaven ascends!
 But canst thou fix the limits of its sphere
 Of thought and action? No, thou canst not tell
 How mind approximates to kindred mind,
 Though for all purposes of outward show
 Distance, like death, communication ends.

* * * * *

LETTERS OF A CONTINENTAL TOURIST.

(Continued from page 262.)

LETTER IV.

Geneva, August 25.

WE arrived at Lyons at eight o'clock on the morning of the 22d of August, heartily sick of sixty-four hours' confinement in the interior of a diligence, with only the intermissions afforded by our meals and the exercise of walking up the hills. The country that we passed through in the day-time was for the most part uninteresting. One view, however, was charming. A vast hollow, somewhat in the form of a bowl, round the edges of which the road ran. In the centre were the ruins of an old castle, the name of which I could not catch, modified as it was by the barbarous patois of the conducteur. The route we travelled was by Bourgogne, and therefore passed through Châlons sur Saone, a picturesque old town, where we dined. One of the most remarkable points of distinction between France and England consists in the different rank and circumstances of the military. One of our fellow travellers, a *sergent et maréchal de-logis*, that is, a quarter-master sergeant of dragoons, sat down at table, and not only joined in the conversation, but was the best-spoken and the best-bred of his countrymen present. He was a young man it seemed of good family, who had chosen the army for his profession, and not having been educated at one of the military schools entered the ranks in the

hope of obtaining promotion, a hope which is never disappointed if the advancement be merited by good conduct and ability. Indeed, the only path to preferment in the army of France is through the ranks, or owing to successful studies at the military schools; and I am told that a son of the duke of Montesquieu is now a corporal, though it was confessed that he was more frequently seen walking arm in arm with the colonel of the regiment, his cousin, than doing the duty allotted to his military rank. The fact, however, remains, and these regulations, together with the mode of recruiting by conscription, much improve the general *materiel* of the army, at the same time that they lower the standard of birth and education among the officers.

Scarcely a public-house from St. Malo to Lyons, a distance of nearly 500 miles, is unadorned with a tree, or part of a tree, hanging from the end of a pole for a sign. One need not go far for an explanation of the adage, "Good wine needs no bush."

A few miles from Lyons we had the pleasure of ascending a mountain of about four miles in length. Why they do not carry a new road along the banks of the Saone, round the base of the hill, I cannot conceive. But they prefer killing their cattle and wearying their passengers by the old Roman road to the trouble and expense of a new one. The French want a reform in these matters sadly; lighter coaches and level roads would increase the speed and lessen the inconvenience of travelling, without augmenting the expense or diminishing the profit.

The women in the neighbourhood of Lyons wear straw hats, with brims a foot or fifteen inches broad, which are by no means unbecoming, and are well adapted to defend them from the scorching rays of a southern sun. Far different is the coiffure of the Bourignonnes, who stick a pigmy black hat on the front of their white cap, fasten it with black ribbons behind the head, and allow the strings to hang down their backs like pigtails.

I lodged at the hotel de l'Europe, which is said to be the first in Lyons, and, if this be true, bad is the best. But this town is little visited by the English, and our notions of comfort and decency are so utterly different from those of foreigners that there is little cause for astonishment in the apparent deficiency of the appliances of domestic life. The hotel is situated near the grand square, which is spoken of by the Lyonese as one of the wonders of the world. It is certainly a considerable open space, surrounded by houses of no sort of beauty, the lower story occupied by very mean-looking shops, and one side planted with a few trees. In the centre is an equestrian statue of Louis XIV., the inscription on which explains itself.

LUDOVICI MAGNI
STATUAM EQUESTREM
INIQUIS TEMPORIEUS
DISJECTAM
CIVITAS LUGDUNENSIVM
REGISQUE RHODANICA
INSTAURAVERT
ANNO M.D.CCCXXV.

On the morning of the 23d I went to see the confluence of the Rhone and Saone. As usual where expectation has been raised high, I was disappointed. No doubt the descriptions are literally correct. The smooth gentle Saone creeps into contact with her bustling bullying sister, and is at once shouldered on one side, and only allowed a narrow space to flow in. Still the colour of the two rivers is not so strongly contrasted as the narratives of travellers had led me to expect. There is a milky tinge in the Rhone which distinguishes it from the other as they move along side by side; but with the sun shining on the water, as was the case when I saw it, the line of demarcation cannot be traced, except from a favourable position whence you look down on the stream from above. The speed of the Saone is soon increased to a very considerable velocity by contact with the Rhone, which travels at a pace that fully justifies the epithet it bears, namely "Rapid."

The walk down the Quais to the junction of the rivers, planted as they are with tall poplars on either side of the road, is pleasant enough, and a ridge of hills on one side which confines the Saone to its course, and which is studded with buildings, forms an excellent background to the town, which is built principally between the two rivers. Indeed one of the merits of Lyons in the eyes of a stranger, to console him for its many defects, is its situation with respect to its waters. Both rivers flow through it, a portion of the city being built on the right bank of the Saone, a small portion on the left of the Rhone, and the rest on the intermediate peninsula. The extreme rapidity and turbid colour of the one, the darker hue and marvellous slowness of the other, are such as to render it impossible to mistake them. Now if you once learn the situation of your residence, or any spot you know well, with respect to the rivers, in case of doubt or difficulty in the course of your wanderings get to the quais, observe the course of the river, and which it is, and ascend or descend, turn to the right or left, as may be required. No spot in Lyons can be far distant from one or other of the streams, so that you cannot be at a loss.

Notwithstanding the excessive heat I contrived to mount the hills to the westward of the Saone to La Fourvière, and ascended to the observatoire, a square tower built to a moderate height, so as to enable the spectator to overlook the steeples and seven-storied houses. With the exception of the chain of hills on which this building is erected, the country about Lyons is quite flat, so that you have a beautiful view from the terrace at the top of the observatory. The town, though very dirty and *nasally* offensive to a degree unparalleled in my experience, is from such a distance highly picturesque, the irregularity of the buildings, the height of the houses, and the clearness of the atmosphere, all aiding to form a tableau which, if it has not yet been used for a panorama, offers every advantage for such a purpose. They say that sometimes the peak of Mont Blanc is seen from hence. It may be so, but I saw it not.

The stained glass of the cathedral is an object worthy of attention, though I do not think much of the building itself. The interior has a very solemn aspect, produced I conceive by the softened light. There is in another part of the town a pyramidal monument, built in

commemoration of the victims of the massacre after the siege of Lyons in the time of the first revolution, but it is infinitely inferior in my opinion to the cenotaph at Paris, built on the spot where the bones of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette were found, which is the only sepulchral monument I have seen in France which, both as regards internal and external decoration and arrangement, as a whole and in detail, perfectly corresponds to the mournful idea it is meant to represent.

The population of Lyons amounts to more than 130,000, of whom a large number are occupied in the manufacture of silks, to which the town principally owes its prosperity. In the upper town, indeed, the ears are deafened by the continual clatter of the treddles of the loom. However, the greater part of the produce of their industry, I might perhaps say the whole, is sent to illumine the gay shops in Paris and London, leaving nothing behind but coarse printed cottons and dingy silk scarfs, to give a mock lustre to the little corners where they are exposed for sale. I did not enter any of the factories, but such of the operatives as I saw, though not adorned with the brown cheeks and sturdy aspect of the out-door labourer, neither betrayed misery nor poverty, sickness nor deformity, in their outward appearance, like the miserable denizens of Spitalfields and Manchester.

The sun here is powerful and the heat excessive, but the people generally not so dark as I expected to find them. The men are a fierce-looking race, bearing in their aspect outward and visible signs of their turbulent character; and, judging from the placards on the walls, their favourite amusements are of no very gentle character. Those which attracted most attention held forth promise of savage bulls and bears, and more savage wolves, who were to enter the lists with dogs of noted ferocity. These announcements were evidently perused with especial gusto. I must not forget to mention the beer of Lyons, which is in great repute, and is excellent,—strong, but not heavy, well-flavoured, and refreshing.

To sum up my impression of Lyons in a few words;—it is a busy, filthy, useful, ill-contrived, badly paved, horribly stinking, commercial, manufacturing town, and I was delighted to leave it at two o'clock in the afternoon of the 23d for Geneva. We jogged on at the rate of five miles an hour, through a most uninteresting country, till night came on. When morning broke we were traversing a pass of the Jura mountains. The road winds along the surface of an inclined plane, which forms one face of a ravine, at an immense distance both from the top and the bottom, so that the Rhone which winds along beneath, though really a great river, looks like a narrow water-course. Its colour was blue. A fortress defends the path; and, if not of much importance in a military point of view, it is highly so as an object in the landscape. The rugged mountain above, below, and opposite, gives an air of grandeur to the scene; while the Lilliputian appearance of the objects gliding along the thread of white road that divides the mountain's side, by furnishing means of comparison, gives a magnificent idea of nature as compared with the works of man.

After the usual annoying formalities about passports, we entered the Genevese territory, and at length I found myself on the soil of Switzerland.

LETTER V.

Geneva.

THE impression made on me by Geneva on my entrance was that of a toy-town. The small space it occupies, the varied colour of the materials, the irregular position of the streets, the reflected light from the glazed tiles seen through a perfectly clear atmosphere, with dark mountains for a back-ground, all enhanced the effect. The population amounts to 30,000. But from their mode of living in tall houses of six and even seven stories, each family occupying but one floor or part of a floor, the area on which it is built is not, I think, greater than that of an English town containing a third part of the number of inhabitants. The quais, which are quite new, and the houses on them, are very fine, and bear the test of a close examination, which is not the case with the other streets. But the beautiful lake pours its waters through the town in a blue limpid stream, which retains the name of Rhone, though it is hard to conceive that it has any connection with the muddy torrent which flows into the upper end of the lake. Before it reaches Lyons, the Rhone, passing over beds of chalk or receiving other troubled waters which augment its volume, becomes again discoloured, but for many miles the blue crystal of the lake is unsullied. Even the muddy Arve, which is the offspring of the glaciers in the valley of Chamouni, cannot stain its pure waters. Nothing can be imagined more perfectly transparent than the Rhone as it leaves the lake. Looking down on it from the Pont des Bergues you might count the 'pebbles in its bed or the fish that sport in its stream. By the way, this bridge of the Bergues is a wooden bridge of such slight materials that carriages are forbidden to cross but at a very slow pace, and the arches tremble under the steps of a foot-passenger. A small island in the river, a few yards to the east of it, has been planted as a summer walk for the Genevese, and the centre adorned with a statue of Rosseau in bronze. It is connected with the bridge. And here I must not omit to notice the difference of feeling in the Genevese and French. This new bridge, built at the expense of the town, is passed without payment. At Lyons I was in the habit of crossing six bridges, and at every one paid a liard, or half farthing, for the privilege.

In the evening we drove round the environs of the town. From an elevation to the south we had a magnificent view of Mont Blanc. Though fifty miles distant, the gigantic mass was distinctly visible, the outline as clearly pencilled against the sky as if it had been in the immediate neighbourhood. The afternoon was cloudy, and during the early part of the drive the great mountain was absolutely invisible, but at last the vapours dispersed, and the view was magnificent. The snow-capped summit and the inferior peaks, or rather bosses, for they are not pointed, appeared towering above other vast mountains, whose ridges were clad with perpetual snow, though so much inferior in elevation. As the sun descended towards the horizon the tints of the mountain varied from a light pink to a lighter yellow, and as the evening closed in the lofty peak was again enveloped in clouds and lost to view—in short, he put on his nightcap and went to bed. The lake was gray: indeed, I was told the evening was as unfavourable as possible for the water, which is usually

of a deep blue, but varying with the colour of the sky, the worst shade of all being that under which it then appeared.

August 26.

SET out for Chamouny as far as Sallanches on the diligence. The road lay along the course of the Arve, the latter part in a valley between two ridges of high mountains. The verdure is luxuriant, and the land appears productive; but, as in all countries where the Catholic religion prevails, or at least where the people are strict in their observance of its rites and are under the influence of the priests, nothing can exceed the squalid poverty of the inhabitants. The ugliness of the Savoyards is extreme, and their rapacity on the same scale.

From Sallanches to Chamouny we ascended in a char-a-banc, a contrivance resembling half of an Irish inside jaunting-car or a chaise body hung on four wheels, very low down, and without springs. Here they were drawn by two horses, on account of the steepness of the road, one half of which we were obliged to walk. Each contained three persons closely packed. Notwithstanding the roughness of the ascent we found them very easy conveyances.

I have not attempted to describe the road between Geneva and Sallanches, for the impression made by it was completely eradicated by what followed. Words cannot describe, the pencil can convey no idea of the beauty and magnificence of the mountain scenery between Sallanches and Chamouny. Huge scarped rocks, with pine-trees growing to their very summit, with here and there a cottage, built on what appeared an inaccessible height; streams of melted snow, pouring down from the mountain sides and swelling the Arve—itsself only a larger torrent of the same kind. Such are the ingredients of the picture which is seen from a path rudely cut in the side of steep precipices, where a false step of the horses would hurry you out of the world without a moment's notice, and which is so confined that there are few places where even these narrow vehicles can pass each other. However, they galloped on heedlessly round corners, down steeps, over torrents, or rather through them, all at the same speed, and, as accidents are unheard of, the danger must be imaginary. In ascending we had a glorious view of Mont Blanc. At first sight the Dome du Gouté appears higher than the true peak, either from its greater breadth or from its position in regard to the spectator. But after a time I fancied that the eye became aware of the superior height of the real summit. No representation can give any idea of the noble beauty, the magnificence of this stupendous mass, for its grandeur proceeds rather from its absolute size than from a comparison with any objects of known magnitude in its immediate vicinity, which would in the present case be invisible to the human eye. From the distance the snow with which it is covered appeared quite smooth, like the sugar on an iced cake.

The cicalas in the pine trees almost deafened us with their chirping, and suggested the usual quotations from Virgil and Byron, as the earthen threshing-floors in the neighbourhood of Lyons reminded us of the directions given by the former for their formation.

The night drew on, and the shades of evening almost hid the mountain from our view before we arrived at Chamouny, where we alighted at the Hotel de Londres about nine o'clock.

August 27th.

AFTER breakfast we started with Matthew Balmat for the Mer de Glace. We ascended by a winding path the Montanvert, and having rested at the cabin on the brow we moved downwards to the Mer de Glace, and were greeted with a sight which far surpassed our expectations, high as they were in the first instance—billows of ice, as though the sea had suddenly frozen in the midst of a storm, preserving the form of the waves and even the green tint of the water, narrow chinks of unfathomable depth and emerald hue, inaccessible mountains with peaked summits, and streams of water sparkling in the sun as they fall from the rocks around you. At the foot of the Mer de Glace is the source of the Aveyron, which bursts from a narrow cavern with the usual noise and turbulence of these streams. Our guide assured us that the cavern was much smaller than ordinary, and certainly it by no means equalled the descriptions I have read and heard of it.

Matthew Balmat had six times ascended to the summit of Mont Blanc. He was a stout, hardy-looking man, of about forty years old, and five feet eight inches high, with a dried mummy-like complexion, and the usual swelled throat of the natives of this district. One would expect, *à priori*, that these mountaineers would step rapidly and lightly. Nothing can be further from the truth. Their tread is heavy but firm, and in beginning to ascend they caution you against proceeding too fast, the excellence of which advice I soon found by experience. If you waste your strength at first by mounting too rapidly, the rarefaction of the air at any considerable elevation so much increases the difficulty of breathing as to cause great distress, which comes upon you at the very moment when your strength begins to be exhausted.

In the afternoon I walked to the Glaciers of Bosson, which is the same thing as the Mer de Glace on a much smaller scale. A lad who offered to show me the way, and whose offer I accepted, spoke of the destruction of the three unfortunate guides by the avalanche in an expedition in the year 1820, as a judgment of God; for it happened on a Sunday, and they had not been to mass: at least so said the priest, and our informant enquired no further.

August 28th.

STARTED at six to cross the Col de Balme on foot, and without a guide. After stretching along the valley for about six miles, I began to ascend, and a toilsome ascent it was; burdened too as I was with a heavy knapsack. I particularly recommend all pedestrian travellers to avoid such an unpleasant companion. A coat built after the fashion of a shooting jacket with large pockets to contain a change of linen and of shoes, an extra pair of trowsers and your razors, and a light Macintosh cape slung behind, are what I should recommend as equipments. More is useless and annoying: less is inconvenient. Send your heavy luggage, and of that too as little as possible, from point to point on your route, where you may meet it.

To return to the ascent. It occupied more than two hours, and then I found myself breathless and weary, on an elevation of a mile and a half above the level of the sea, in a clear fresh air, under a scorching sun. Notwithstanding at a few paces distance was a bed

of snow, frozen so hard that my feet made no impression as I walked over it. While standing on the snow, a gaudy butterfly flew past me. I marvelled to see the little fellow fluttering about in such a situation. From the Col de Balme is the best view of Mont Blanc, for the sake of which I missed the fine scenery of the Tête Noire, another pass to Martigny. Unfortunately some light clouds hung around the giant, and the outline could scarcely be traced amid the vapour, so that my labour was fruitless. After staying two hours in vain hopes that the weather would clear up, I began my descent through a pine-forest. The incessant whizzing and buzzing of the cicalas almost made me giddy. They were not here so noisy as in the ascent to Chamouny, but they showed themselves on the path in great numbers. The insect is formed somewhat as our grasshopper, but very much larger. The body and head yellow, the back and wings of the same colour, mottled with black or a very dark brown, and the under side of the long hinder legs of an exquisitely bright scarlet.

Having crossed the pine forest, half an hour's walk up-hill brought me to the Col de Trent, whence to Martigny is a toilsome descent of three hours on an uneven surface paved with broken granite. Nothing can be more uneasy, or better calculated to interfere with the comfort of the individual, or to prevent his enjoying the magnificent prospect. On either side are lofty mountains, with a girdle of pine-trees, and broken rocky summits, with occasionally a patch of snow, and still more rarely a glacier with the muddy torrent rushing from beneath it. Before you is the beautiful Vallais, like Chamouny, enclosed by inaccessible mountains, with the Rhone meandering through its level surface, and the village and bourg of Martigny at a short distance from the foot of the mountain. From Martigny the road to Sion for the first nine miles is perfectly straight, so that looking down from above it seems like a white thread stretched across the plain. I was right glad to arrive at my hotel after three hours' walking with my feet at an angle of 130 degrees with my shin-bones, after the fashion of an opera dancer.

LINEs ON THE LATE N. M. ROTHSCHILD.

WEALTH's golden sceptre rules a prostrate world,
 And thou didst wield it, Rothschild, mighty Jew!
 Thrones have been propped by thee, and thou hast hurled
 Defiance in the face of kings; pierced through
 The tyrant's heart, and made him bite thy chain,
 Despairing to annihilate or enslave.
 But now the conqueror Death has stopped thy reign,
 And thou art tenanting the lowly grave!
 No more shall men turn pale at sight of thee,
 No more the anxious group thy nod await;
 Vacant the well-known spot, the *pillar** free,
 The envious of thy fame, the would-be-great,
 May fearlessly advance, and take his stand,—
 But who like thee, such homage to command?

13th August, 1836.

R. S.

* Mr. Rothschild always occupied a certain spot on the Royal Exchange, and stood with his back to the pillar alluded to. On one occasion, not very long since, a person had the temerity to dispute his claim to this privilege, but was quickly ejected from his usurped position.

PRINCIPLE AND NO PRINCIPLE,

Or the late Armand Carrel, Editor of "The National," and the present M. Thiers, late Prime Minister of France.

THE names of Carrel and Thiers must be very familiar to our readers, because, since the revolution of "the three glorious days of July," both of them have been continually before the public, and have cut a prominent figure in the political, governmental, and legislative events of France, the former as a journalist and a republican, and the latter as a député and a minister of the citizen king.

Carrel and Thiers sprung both from the same class and were both first known to the literary and political world by their historical productions. Carrel however, since the beginning of the restoration, had been already before the public as a staunch partisan of republican institutions and of civil and religious liberty, and, having taken an active part in the revolutions of the Peninsulas of Europe, had been not only severely persecuted, but also condemned twice to death in consequence of his political principles.

When Carbonarism from the south of Italy was first introduced into France, Carrel and Thiers both embraced its doctrine and were amongst the most active carbonari, who established and propagated that political institution in Paris, and in the most populous cities of France. There existed, however, a great difference in the private character of Carrel and Thiers. The former was a liberal, civil, sober, unaffected, and always independent man. The latter professed liberal principles, but was proud, affected, and a great parasite of the rich, and powerful members of the opposition of the Restoration, and by his servile submission to whatever the renowned French banker, Jaques Laffitte ordered him to do, little by little, became his *fa-vourite*, and *protégé*, and by him at his mansion was introduced to the most influential leading members of the chamber of deputies. Through the influence of his Mæcenæ, Thiers began his career of journalist, and assisted by that banker's money became afterwards one of the fourteen shareholders of the *Constitutionnel* of Paris, to which periodical he largely contributed for several years as a political and literary writer. In 1829 Thiers, not satisfied with his condition in that establishment, aspired to be appointed one of the *four chief conductors* of that journal in opposition to Cauchois-Lemaire, and, having failed in his ambition, he separated from that periodical, and endeavoured to establish the *Nouveau Constitutionnel*, but was outwitted by the cunning, rich, and powerful harpagoes of Rue Montmartre.

Then Thiers, having first chosen for his editorial colleagues Carrel and Mignet, and having obtained the pecuniary means from Laffitte, started the *National* under the standard of very broad civil, political, and religious principles.

When the demi-liberal administration of Martignac was succeeded by the foolish and priest-ridden ministry of Polignac, it was Thiers,

inspired by Laffitte, and Benjamin Constant, who wrote and caused to be published in his journal that famous leading article for which the "*National*" was prosecuted *ex-officio*; and as Thiers had neither the manliness nor the generosity of fathering his own child, who had predicted the approaching downfall of the Bourbons and the triumph of the popular party, that prosecution caused the ruin and suicide of the only responsible person, the innocent and unfortunate publisher Chatelain.

On the 26th July, 1830, when the arbitrary ordinances of Charles X. made their appearance in the *Moniteur*, the sensible and reflective Parisian public of all classes and of all parties were almost thunder-struck, and the proprietors and conductors of the liberal periodicals, whose private interest and welfare were not only paralysed, but almost annihilated by the unconstitutional restrictions imposed upon the press by the new laws, were suddenly thrown into a state bordering on madness; consequently they soon assembled in the committees of their respective journals, to consult with their legal advisers on the best plan to be adopted in so dreadful a crisis. But when it was known that M. Dupin, the present president of the chamber of deputies, the best legal authority of France, had declared himself in favour of the legality of the ordinances of Charles X., and had advised his clients to submit to the new laws, the *Debats*, the *Quotidienne*, the *Drapeau Blanc*, the *Courier d'Europe*, the *Avenir*, the *Gazette de France*, and the *Constitutionnel*, decided to make their submission, and to send to obtain from M. de Peyronnet, the permission of continuing their periodicals according to the new regulations of the press.

However the junior journals, such as the *National*, the *Temps*, the *Tribune*, the *Globe*, the *Journal de Paris*, the *Corsaire*, the *Figaro*, and the *Pandore*, remained still undecided, and as Evariste Dumoulin and Couchois Lemaire, two of the fourteen share-holders of the *Constitutionnel*, had protested against the decision of their colleagues, Armand Carrel composed a protest against the illegality of the ordinances of Charles X., and M. Laffitte having ordered Thiers to join his colleague on that subject, in the evening of the 26th of July, the offices of the *National* became the rendezvous of the dissentient political writers, and the protest of Carrel, having been examined and approved of, was signed by 47 of the youngest conductors of the Parisian press, and was printed and published by the *National*.

On the morning of the 27th, the cunning Thiers having been informed that the prefect of police, Mangin, had received official instructions of seizing the presses of the dissentient journals, and of arresting all those who had dared to sign the protest, all of a sudden disappeared from the scene of action, and some say that he repaired to the Chateau of Neuilly to be at the elbow of the duke of Orleans, and others assert that he concealed himself in the house of M. Berard, where, after the three glorious days, the present improvised charter was concocted. The fact is that during the struggle between the people and the army Thiers deserted his editorial post, which was however nobly and courageously maintained by Carrel, who not only with his pen and advice, but also with his personal bravery, example, and skill, led the people during the fight, and was one of

the most active instruments in overthrowing the restoration and its despotism.

In the afternoon of the 29th July, when the popular party had obtained a complete triumph over the satellites of Charles X., and while Carrel was at the head of the people bivouacking in the Champs Elysées, Thiers unexpectedly made again his appearance in the office of the National, and there composed, and caused to be printed, and afterwards to be posted on the walls of Paris, hundreds of small placards, in which the duke of Orleans was represented as the natural enemy of the Bourbons, as the republican general of Gemappe and Valmy, and as the friend of the people and the advocate of national freedom and national independence. To this was annexed a copy of the hypocritical letter which the present citizen king wrote to Marshal Mortier, when in 1815 he abandoned the standard of the division which he had sworn to lead against Napoleon. In the mean while Thiers through his agents disseminated 100,000 five-franc pieces, and obtained from the lowest of the heroes of July the cry of *vive le duc d'Orleans*, and thus Louis Philippe, who had been execrated during the three glorious days as much as the elder Bourbons, began to be in favour with the mob, and then his creatures succeeded in humbugging La Fayette and the republicans. Armand Carrel, informed of this treachery of Thiers, protested against it; but as the evil had already been done, and as he was assured that Louis Philippe was to be *a monarch surrounded with republican institutions*, he remained neutral, and by his example and words, engaged the other republicans to adopt the same course.

Thiers however became very soon a great favourite of the citizen king, and, his Mæcenat Laffitte having been raised to the high post of prime minister of France, he was of course chosen as his private secretary. Soon after, the then all-powerful Laffitte first obtained for Thiers a seat in the chamber of deputies, and then had him nominated under-secretary of state for the finance department. Thus, a few weeks after the revolution of July, Thiers had already become a courtier and a statesman, and, to apply all his faculties to political and courtly intrigues, bade adieu to the National, and Armand Carrel, who now remained the only editor of that periodical, through its columns often called to order his former colleague, and reminded him of his origin and of his principles.

But when Laffitte, disgusted with the selfishness and arbitrary conduct of Louis Philippe, who during three days had intercepted and concealed some important despatches, resigned his high situation, the ungrateful Thiers, instead of following the example of the man who had been the main cause of his elevation, abandoned his benefactor, sold himself and his former principles to the highest bidder, and became the chief supporter of Louis Philippe, and, both at the tribune of the house and in the council of the Cabinet, showed himself the champion of the *juste milieu*, and the sneering opponent of his former liberal patrons.

It was at this time that Armand Carrel broke off all connexion with Thiers, and through his journal waged a political and personal warfare with his former editorial colleague and political friend, and not

only declared him an ambitious apostate, a parasitical courtier, and a deceitful statesman, but called him also a base ex-carbonaro and a perjured conspirator. Thiers, at the same time, did all in his power to appease the resentment of Carrel, and endeavoured to silence him by every means. Louis Philippe engaged the republican journalist to his private parties; honours and high situations were offered to him; but, as all the bribes and courtly attempts to convert Carrel to the *juste milieu* had proved unsuccessful, vexatious, unrelenting, and personal persecution was resorted to, in order to silence and crush the stubborn editor of the *National*. But Armand Carrel resisted with manly fortitude the brutal oppression and tyranny of the citizen king, and, remaining faithful to his political creed and friends, through his spirited writings excited and propagated amongst the young and instructed population of France, and chiefly amongst the lower classes of the people, the contempt and hatred by which Louis Philippe, his system, and his administration are at present stigmatized and execrated.

However, the mock patriot king and his late prime minister, despairing of ever being able either to silence by bribes or to crush by oppression the unflinching editor of the *National*, during the last two years, indirectly and under-hand excited and fomented several personal quarrels between Carrel and the conductors of the *Carlist* and *Philippist* periodicals, and have at last succeeded in silencing for ever a powerful and popular opponent, whom they could never have conquered by legal and despotic means. The death of Armand Carrel has been a great loss to his party, and of some utility to Louis Philippe, but it has relieved Thiers from much uneasiness and exposure, because no man knew better than Carrel the late deceitful prime minister of Louis Philippe, and no man can be found in France who could dare to attack the renegade ex-carbonaro and his master with a frankness, address, and success equal to that of the late editor of the *National*. Besides Thiers by his apostasy having raised himself to the highest station of France, and having amassed a great fortune, saw in his former editorial colleague of the *National* still a simple citizen without kingly honours and kingly places, a living striking monument of his changeable and dishonourable political conduct; and thus, while Carrel was accompanied to the grave by the most enlightened and most popular members of all parties, little Thiers was drowning his feelings in dissipation and courtly intrigues, and committing to durance vile several of his former friends, after having inspired terror and dismay in the mind of his hateful master, the present tyrant of France.

Carrel, being a man of principle, has lived and died honourable and honoured; but Thiers, being a man of no principle, is living dishonoured, and God only knows what will be his end. If his late quarrel with Louis Philippe be not a political stratagem of the cunning modern Dionysius, Thiers has already begun to feel the effects of his unprincipled conduct; but, if it be a trick, he must become more than ever disgraced and execrated by his fellow citizens, and his name will be handed to posterity as a specimen of a true ambitious and parasitical apostate, and as a warning to all those who under the cloak of patriotism are the scourge of mankind.

To give the last finish to the portrait of Thiers, we must add that when Laffitte, in consequence of his immense sacrifices in behalf of the national freedom and national independence of France, was obliged to become a bankrupt, his former protégé was amongst the first who accomplished his total ruin, having concurred with his master Louis Philippe in stripping the too generous banker of all his domains and chateaus.

PHILOCTETES IN LEMNOS.

τόδε θαῦμ' ἔχει με,
 πῶς ποτε πῶς ποτ' ἀμφιπλήκτων ῥοθίων μόνος κλύων,
 πῶς ἄρα πανδάκρυτον οὕτω βιοτὰν κατέσχευ'
 ἴν' αὐτὸς ἦν πρόσουρος, οὐκ ἔχων βάσιν,
 οὐδέ τιν' ἐγχάρων κακογέλτονα,
 παρ' ᾧ στόνον ἀντίτυπον βαρυβρῶτ' ἀποκλαύσειεν αἱμάτηρόν.
 Soph. Phil. 687-695.

Oh ! could I seize one short-lived rest from toil,
 And cast mine anguish on this barren soil :
 Could I one secret, blissful moment gain,
 To interrupt eternity of pain,
 Ne'er should these impious struggling murmurs vent
 Reproaches, on the lot which Jove hath sent !
 But when such tortures are to me confined
 And not in common forged for all mankind ;
 Can mortal frailty, void of heavenly aid,
 Sustain its wretched load, and not upbraid ?
 Will not oblivion paint some gladsome dream,
 Or plunge remembrance in her grateful stream ?
 Else, Death, approach, to me no fearful sight,
 Thy ready victim loathes the odious light.*
 What earthly charms can dry my flowing tears
 And sooth the pathway of my rugged years ?
 Can stream, or grove, or fairest Nature's grace
 Assuage my wounds, and memory efface
 Which ever longs, tho' shrinking to contrast
 The present with the shadow of the past ?
 If home, nor friends, nor empire could prevail
 Will Lemnian deserts teach me not to wail ?
 Oh Solitude ! let lonely wisdom praise
 Thy dreary nights, thy melancholy days : †
 Yet would she 'mid this horrid scene rejoice,
 To gaze on man, and hear the human voice ;
 Thou cruel isle ! Inhospitable rock,
 In savage echo glorying to mock
 Thy captive's woe : ‡ to mingle in thy cave,
 Redoubled sorrows with the roaring waves ;
 Hath none, but I e'er reach'd thy sullen port,

* Compare Soph. Phil. 797.

ὦ θάνατε θάνατε, πῶς αἰεὶ καλούμενος
 οὕτω κατ' ἡμᾶρ οὐ δύνᾳ μολεῖν ποτε ;

† O Solitude ! where are the charms
 That Sages have seen in thy face ? COWPER.

‡ πολλὰ δὲ φωνῆς τῆς ἡμετέρας
 Ἑρμαῖον ὄρος προέπεμψεν ἔμοι
 στόνον ἀντίτυπον χεῖμαζομένῳ.

S. Phil. 1458.

And canst thou not with others' misery sport?
 Yet distant shores were long since taught by fame
 T'abhor thy clime and execrate thy name;
 And trembling matrons shudder to relate
 What hideous crimes are coupled with thy fate.
 E'en now with awe I tread the gory strand;
 A fitting girdle for thy murd'rous land
 Ye scenes where nought, save havoc ever trod
 Alas! abhorrent both to man and God,
 Still are ye red with Ichor's lasting stain,
 To point, where Vulcan felt unwonted pain—
 Still do ye blush with guilt of cheaper blood,
 Which here from kindred enmity has flowed!
 Mark ye the spots, where never-sated strife
 With hurried deaths embittered doubtful life!
 Where dying groans yet murmur in the gale
 And howling wrath attests the bitter tale,
 That one alone, Hypsipyle was found
 To tremble at the parricidal wound—*
 Where'er I search for emblems of delight,
 Grief spreads the veil of ever-clouded night,
 That nought may cheer the exile, which my fate
 Unjustly grants to false Ulysses' hate.

O. S. T.

THE NEW SCHOOL OF HISTORY IN FRANCE.—No. I.

MR. Henry Lytton Bulwer, in his work on France, has expressed a highly favourable opinion on the merits of the authors belonging to the new school of history in that country. It is in consequence of this impartial eulogy that we undertake, without diffidence, to make our readers acquainted with the most distinguished members of this school, among whom are to be numbered BARANTE, GUIZOT, THIERS, MIGNET, MICHAUD, CHATEAUBRIAND, THIERRY, and SISMONDI.

It is our intention to begin these critiques in the chronological order, with a notice of the works of M. de Barante, because he may, we think, be justly considered as the *father of the new school of history in France*.

M. de Barante's work—known, perhaps, to some of our readers—is entitled “*Considerations sur l'histoire des ducs de Bourgogne* ;” and in France his name carries with itself its own eulogy. The author's talent and taste alike proved to him that the true method of encouraging historical studies would be by writing in a style generally engaging to the public; and, the better to accomplish his purpose, he determined to give to his history, whenever the authenticity of its facts allowed such a liberty, an epic, and even, occasionally, a dramatic feature, in order to warm the reader's imagination, at the same time that the fact strengthened his judgment. M. de Barante has not only recommended such a method of historical instruction:—he has proved its efficacy by his own bright example,—not by writing long and dogmatizing theories with the forbidding motto “*nec plus ultra*,” not by indulging, like so many others, in a kind of poetical

* See Apollon; Rhod. Argon. Lib. i. Valer. Flacc. ii. 78. And Dante Infern' Canto xviii.

and speculative vagueness, but by giving himself the best example of historical induction, connected with imaginative talent, that his successors need follow.

The author of the "History of the Dukes of Burgundy," while offering to the public a work full of original and laborious research, had no intention of setting up himself as a legislator of national taste, and he certainly had no idea of ever being entitled the founder of a particular school of history; but, be that as it may, the model that he has furnished is one that will form an epoch in an unsettled age of literature. In every page of his work we recognize the admirable tact with which the author combines the ingenuousness of the *bon-homme* with the simplicity of the chronicler—a combination of good qualities that seemed to be for ever lost. M. de Barante wrote only as he was impelled by the inspirations of his genius; "scribiter ad narrandum, non ad probandum:"—he intended only to give narrations, but in every case he has furnished proofs.

Far be it from us in this eulogy of M. de Barante to extend our laudatory remarks to all the historical romances of France, respecting which we may observe generally that whatever influence they have gained over the more sober style of history is mainly attributable to those official, perhaps pensioned, writers who have made history the mere stalking-horse for their extravagant and anti-christian speculations, acting perhaps on the principle

L'homme est de glace aux vérités
Il est de feu pour les mensonges.—*La Fontaine.*

These lines, it would appear, have been the motto of all those French writers whose chief object has been to please the public, even by the sacrifice of truth. We doubt not, however, that with the progress of knowledge this maxim will be reversed, and be applied with more propriety. Indeed, as information has already progressed, historical romances have, to a certain degree, adhered more closely to historical truth; but generally (some, perhaps, may be excepted) in these works the historic portion consists of a few obsolete *disinterred* forms of speech, and of shreds of costumes, belonging to different ages, wherewithal the hero is dressed, not *en chevalier*, but *en personnage de carnaval*; all which produces in reality puerile effect quite different from that intended by the author, namely, that of making him a child or a dotard.

This pretended historical costume wherewith fashion has chosen to deck the heroes of romance, and the unintelligible and disused language in which it seemed indispensable that they should converse—a language which unlearned moderns can only acquire by thumbing the glossaries of Du Cange and Roquefort—all these circumstances tend to prove that in France, at the present day, there predominates a love of historical study, which would already have produced the best effects on the national character, if it had not been perverted by those *littérateurs* who have produced a large stock of romances and *professedly* historical memoirs, eminently calculated to destroy the public taste.* Let us hope, however, that the excessive supply of these works will itself have the desirable effect of destroying their evil influence; and how much would this happy consummation

be promoted if in France and England, during the next thirty years, works like that of M. de Barante could be produced and generally circulated through the political systems of those two countries! The main point to which the aspirant for historic honours should aim is to give to history all the charm of fabulous narrative without injuring the interests of truth; and this, be it understood, is not impossible, since our author has fully proved its possibility by his own signal success.

So long as criticism was unable to enter the field of true history, because it was unaided by the treasures of antiquity that lay buried in the dust of monasteries and churches, the poems and romances of the middle ages necessarily constituted all that then existed of national history; and the annals of literature in general prove to us that this remark is equally applicable to all European nations possessed of a distinct literature. Nay, from the cautious consultation of these early documents information of the greatest value may be acquired respecting the true manners of those times.† But as soon as history once more appeared on the scene at the revival of letters, romance, which had so long usurped her place, could only be considered as an intruder, a noxious parasite, exercising a very sinister influence on healthy literature, by seducing the reader's time that would otherwise have been devoted to historical study. We should be careful to tear the mask from those works which have no *history* except in their title-page, whose authenticity, notwithstanding, is ingeniously and playfully defended by their authors with as much seriousness as a droll casuist would eulogize the plague, the better to show off his own talents. And we should stand on our guard equally against works assuming the name of *novels*, and yet abusing their licence of circulating historic fictions by laying claim to and arguing for their veracity in tedious introductory dissertations.

Still, without perverting history, without metamorphosing it into fable or romance, without, on the other hand, writing on some system and in defence of a particular set of political and religious prejudices, it is surely possible to describe in a dramatic manner the opinions and deeds of men in past ages, and that too without donning the tragic buskin or sounding the trumpet of the tournament or the war-charge.

Can we not borrow from romance its method of arrangement and its pleasant, easy, and unaffected style of diction, instead of adopting, what is too frequent with historians, the musty language of a pedantic professor addressing his scholars, and introducing obscure but erudite commentaries that serve less to enlighten the reader than to flatter the author's sagacity. History has hence become a dry and compulsory study, whereas it should have been a pursuit full of attractions. Another evil, arising partly from the jejune and over-laboured style of real histories, partly from the immense number of romances with

* This may, perhaps, be considered as a sufficient answer to the unmeasured attacks so constantly directed by the "Quarterly Review" against the literature of France, especially that very violent one in the last number. We shall refer to the subject in a separate article.

† The romances, nouvelles, and fabliaux of these times often give more exact notions of the manners and political condition of people than one can obtain from consulting the Latin chronicles.—See Raynouard: *Choix de Poésie originale des Troubadours*.

which literature has been deluged, is the publication of numerous historic abridgments or *résumés*, in which the events "come like shadows to depart," like figures in a magic lantern, and are still more easily obliterated from the memory.* Too often does the reader, after passing days and nights of false enjoyment in reading historical romances, hastily glance at the abridged history of a period whose most trifling events have, he flatters himself, been described in his favourite volumes, and conclude with the self-satisfaction of being an accomplished historian.

Every one knows that romance † had no existence in the best ages of ancient literature; its place was nobly supplied by epic poetry and history, and the latter borrowed, with exquisite taste, from epic poetry and the drama whatever suited its purpose:—thus closely were the three allied and mutually dependent on each other. It is indeed this dramatic form given to history by the ancient writers which has given it that lively and continued interest which is its highest recommendation.

Perhaps, then, from this eulogy some persons may take leave to object that modern history is not able to furnish the same degree of continued interest, as the history of antiquity. It may be so. But still modern history has a peculiar attraction, often arising from melancholy associations, for those who love their country; and it is the adoption of this dramatic style of the ancient historians that will heighten the charm. M. de Barante has succeeded in giving us an example of this style without the servility of imitation; for his language, which is decidedly French, *comme au bon temps*, unites with the *naïve* and delightful originality of our long-lost friend De Froissart, all the learning of more modern days, and the vivid imaginations of a vast mind fully able to give being to its conceptions; and by scattering in bounteous showers the treasures of his intellect on inert matter, he gives to it a vitality at once beautiful and inextinguishable. Our author's style, flowing, captivating, and admirably dramatic, carries us along with him, and transports us at once, by magic, into the scene in which his *dramatis personæ* are acting. In fine, his History of the Dukes of Burgundy and of the House of Valois is, in every point of view, a master-piece of historic composition; and its appearance forms an important era in the history of general literature. Indeed this work, so beautiful and attractive that the most fascinating novels are thrown into the shade by its splendour, may be said, without the use of a metaphor, to present to our view an historical gallery of animated personages (*de tableaux parlants*), all portrayed with the most astonishing correctness.

M. de Barante has chosen his subject with admirable judgment, because he believed that epoch of modern history to be particularly

* It is evident that works of this vague description oblige their compilers at every moment to cut the knot which they cannot untie. We are of opinion that abridgments ought not to serve instead of histories; and, if it be objected that time would not suffice for the perusal of detailed histories, we answer that it is better to know perfectly the history of our own and a neighbouring country than to acquire vague and false notions about every country on the face of the earth.

† We do not intend to make a play of words on the word *roman*, nor to make a dissertation on the subject, after the example of the celebrated Huet, bishop of Avranches.

rich in events highly interesting, not only to the people of France, but also to the English and Flemish, more especially as, in fact, the history of the Dukes of Burgundy, during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, is equally that of the three nations just mentioned. The two former were, during this period, constantly at strife and waging deadly warfare for the superiority; while the Flemings, on their side, defended their liberties with all the fury of despair. The struggle between the two first was long and terrible; the struggles of the latter, though of shorter duration, are considered as some of the most bloody and disastrous recorded in the history of the world. It was the period also when that liberty, which now illumines us with its expansive light like a mighty conflagration, was first dawning on the world, the epoch of transition from the middle ages to modern times; and on these accounts the study of its events is of the highest importance to the present age, as *it is the only key by which the history of later times can be made intelligible*. How painfully interesting, even to us living four or five centuries afterwards, are the transactions of this characteristic age—the age of chivalry and at the same time of discomfort, of vice, and of crime; an age that we have been accustomed to hear called the golden age, in the absence of those documents and historic realities which disclose to us a lamentable depravation of morals in all the conditions of life, and in the higher ranks an assemblage of oppressive and ferocious tyrants extorting all by sword and fire, freely spilling the blood of the feeble and unarmed, and disdaining, with indomitable pride, to employ the mass of the people in the ranks of their armies; a refusal which occasioned those frightful disasters which once nearly destroyed France, and were only repaired by the admission of the people to the privilege of bearing arms in the wars.*

From this period the trustworthy chronicles begin to be more plentiful, written in the language then commonly spoken in the south of France (at once derived from and taking the place of the Latin), and they are infinitely more interesting to us than the Latin chronicles of the middle ages, inasmuch as they exhibit a faithful picture of the characteristic traits of the manners and customs belonging to those times; indeed it would be difficult to find any documents more interesting and more graphic than the simple and naïve annals of the chroniclers in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, whose recitals reveal to us an infinite variety of things at once curious and highly important. These chronicles, however, are voluminous, and quite out of the reach of ordinary readers; indeed, they are only to be found in the collections of the curious and in the public libraries. We are happy to say that M. de Barante, without sacrificing his character for originality, generally follows the guidance of Froissart and others of these ingenious writers of the earliest historic period.

If the history of France has not been hitherto sufficiently popular, the cause of this unpopularity is to be sought not in the matter; the

* The disasters of the French in the wars in which the English reaped so much glory on the fields of Créci, Poitiers, and Azincourt, were attributable to the want of a body of native archers. A body of French bowmen was first established by Charles VII. who finally expelled the English from France.

fault lies rather with the various writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, whose object would seem to have been not so much to write a true history as to bend facts at will to make them square with their own opinions. Thus we have had successively, according to the dominant interest—first, the prejudiced quasi-narratives of historians who, actuated by the base motive of obtaining a pension from the sovereign, have panegyricized the *jus divinum* and absolute legitimacy, while they make the people, the mass of the nation, to enact the part of a worthless herd, mere tools in the hands of the despot; secondly, we had the history of theologians who call on nations and kings to grovel in the dust before the Romish throne of incarnate infallibility; and lastly, we had the dogmatisms of the soi-disant philosophers who allowed none but themselves to be true historians, and blinded the people while pretending to give them a blaze of light, and who carried their rash speculations to excesses which caused the blood to flow in torrents, which overwhelmed both the philosophers and the people.

Happily, our own age does justice to all these systems; and if there be any bias on the part of living historians, it is not that of panegyricizing monarchy, popery, or philosophy; it is rather in favour of political economy, which, in our opinion, is allowed to take too wide a range and to hold too high an importance, even at the expense of dramatic narration. Notwithstanding this defect, however, we find in France a greater proportion of excellent and admirable historians than at any former time; and we may name Sismondi, Guizot, Villemain, Thierry, and Mignet as furnishing a glorious proof of what we have thus publicly asserted in favour of the literature of France in the present day. Still it is somewhat curious that none except the far-famed Sismonde de Sismondi, whose work is still incomplete, has written a history of France, unless we reckon the few fragments in M. de Barante's work, comprising rather less than two centuries of the modern history, and only one of the literature. France, however, will be content to take the historian of the dukes of Burgundy as its Herodotus. Let him write an entire history on the same plan, and his countrymen will no longer have cause to envy the Greeks and Romans, so long respected as the great masters in this kind of composition.

Want of space prevents us from making any lengthened extracts from M. de Barante's admirable work, but we cannot refrain from quoting his account of the battle of Rosebeque, which will serve as a specimen of his graphic and brilliant style.

"Meanwhile Artavelde was preparing himself with the presumptuous hope of vanquishing the French; a foolish enterprise, as the bad season and all kinds of misery which must necessarily be endured by these knights, would destroy their forces without the need of a battle. It was then with great satisfaction that they saw the enemy approach. This great army of 60,000 men was less terrible to them than the rains of winter. The two armies encamped opposite to each other at Rosebeque between Yprès and Courtray. Preparations for battle were made on both sides. Artavelde, on the eve of the battle, invited his officers to supper, and addressed them as fol-

lows :—Comrades in arms, my hope is, that to-morrow we shall have a busy day, for the king of France is here at Rosebeque eager for the fray. Behave as loyal men. Be not dismayed ; for recollect that we are to defend our good right and the freedom of Flanders. The English, it is true, have not succoured us. What then ! we shall have the more honour ; for, if they had come, they would have deprived us of our renown. The whole flower of France is with the king, and he has left none behind. Tell the soldiers to kill all and grant no quarter. The king only must be spared, for he is but a boy and may be pardoned. We will take him to Ghent and teach him Flemish. All others—dukes, earls, barons—whatever their rank, kill all. The commons of France will not be displeased with us, nay, I am well assured that they will be glad if not a single one returns. The captains assured Artavelde of their good will, and he retired to his tent with his mistress, a damsel of Ghent, whom he had brought with him to the field. While the general was asleep, this young girl, not being able to close her eyes in slumber, went out of the tent to gaze on the starry heavens. She beheld in the distance the flames and smoke of the French camp fires, and thought she heard on the eminence that separated the two armies a clang of arms and the old war-cry, “*Monjoie et St. Denis.*” Terrified, she awakened Artavelde, who hastily dressed, took his battle-axe, convinced himself of the fact, and caused his trumpet to be sounded. The Flemings awoke and crowded to his tent for orders. He asked whether they had heard the sound on the hill. Several captains answered in the affirmative, and that they had sent scouts to reconnoitre, but had found nothing, and that therefore they had been unwilling to disturb the repose of the camp by a vain alarm. All regarded it as a prodigy, and that the spirits of darkness were rejoicing in the prospect of the morrow and the prey they would obtain. The Flemish were dismayed by the supernatural occurrence, and lost all confidence.

“The morning opened with a thick fog, which veiled the two armies, and prevented each from seeing the other. Artavelde soon left his encampment, and advanced on the hill at the head of the men of Ghent, on whom he placed more reliance than on the rest. Each town had its banner, and its soldiers were dressed in its peculiar uniform. The bands of trades carried each their ensigns, all well armed in iron head-pieces, buff jerkins, and vombraces, bearing spears, heavy cutlasses, and maces. Artavelde ordered them to march in close order against the enemy, as at the battle of Bruges, which had so inflated their pride, and to intertwine their arms so as not to allow the enemy to penetrate their ranks. A page marched near Artavelde and led a fleet charger, which he was to mount in order to be the first in the pursuit of the routed French.

“The French were also in high spirits, and the constable, approaching the king and raising his visor, said, “Sir, rejoice. These people are ours. Our yeomen would be enough to beat them.” “Forward then,” said the king, “in the name of God and St. Denis.” The sacred banner of the oriflamme was unfurled. The only battle between Christians in which it had floated. But the pope Clement of

Avignon had allowed it, because the Flemings took part with the pope Urban of Rome, and were regarded as heretics. Scarcely was the oriflamme unfolded to the breeze, when the sun began to disperse the fog, a circumstance attributed by the French to the miraculous virtue of this holy banner, which they believed to have fallen from the skies. Some also saw a white dove hovering over the king. In short, all things contributed to inspire them with courage and confidence. Before the fight began the duke of Burgundy, desirous of sparing the blood of his future subjects, once more sent a herald to propose a surrender, on condition of supplying a half-year's pay to the French army. Scarcely had the Flemish heard the herald's message read than they cried with one accord that they had right on their side, and they would maintain their ancient chartered privileges. On these conditions only could they listen to terms: their cause they committed to the justice of God.

"Seeing the Flemish advancing in a close column, the constable disposed his army so as to surround them. Rude was the first onset. They went straight to meet them, descending the hill with such fury that the *corps d'armée*, where the king was posted, wavered on the first shock. But soon the Flemings were attacked and surrounded in flank, and their ranks became disordered. Artavelde fell nearly the first. A horrible massacre ensued. The yeomen followed the knights for pillage, and they despatched with their hangers their fallen enemies. The rout was complete, and the victory cost but little bloodshed to the French.

"Thus was gained on the 29th of November, 1382, this great battle of Rosebeque, which saved the noblesse of France from the cruel lot which threatened them—a battle which may be said to have been gained not only over the Flemings, but over the town of Paris and the commons of France. Artavelde's body was searched for after the fight, and a poor wounded Fleming on the field pointed it out among a number of others of the men of Ghent, who had died fighting by his side. The king and his retinue gazed for a moment on the face of this famous regent of Flanders, and then he was hung on a tree. The Fleming's life was offered him and remedies for his wounds, but he obstinately refused to survive his lamented captain."

THE DECLARATION.

"My charmer! I could die for thee,
If thou would'st only live for me."

"Ah! do!" replies the dark-eyed elf,

"I never liked to die myself."

FINE ARTS.

THE LOUVRE IN 1836.—PAINTINGS.

IN visiting the *Salon* this year we were agreeably surprised by finding that it contained a much larger proportion of historical and national paintings than we had noticed on any previous occasion. Far be it from us to contest the well-earned meed of praise accorded to those smaller pictures entitled *Tableaux de Genre*. Nevertheless we cannot but consider that the principal advantage derived by the public from annual exhibitions is in having imaged to their view speaking sages of our own history, together with that of the world at large, both in past and present ages.

In France such exhibitions are national, and admittance consequently is gratuitous, all classes of people indiscriminately visiting them; and in truth it is a field whereon to contemplate, not works of art alone, but likewise the peculiar characteristics which stamp those numerous and smiling groups of *bourgeois* and artisans whom it delights us to behold expressing with such artless *naïveté* their various emotions whether of pleasure or disapprobation. Fine historic pieces, depicting victories, calamities, or deeds of patriotic virtue in all its varied hues, are surely calculated in the highest degree to enoble and instruct the multitude, or to stimulate ardent minds to deeds of like renown: let them then rank high as a medium for the conveyance of some of the first moral lessons that a nation can receive—lessons which frequently impart a far deeper impression than the perusal of volumes, whilst amongst the uneducated poor they constitute almost their sole study, and would undoubtedly, if ably directed, be of immense influence in forming the national character.

As you emerge from the splendid stair-case of this splendid suite of galleries, the picture that soonest gains your attention is the last production of a great painter, snatched, alas! but too early from his noble career. The "Fishermen" of Leopold Robert is a painting of the highest order; it attracts and captivates the spectator, and would alone form an exhibition, for it is a *chef d'œuvre*! Above it is "The Battle of the Pyramids," by Baron Gros, who stands forth as the head of a particular school, that has produced many of the first artists of the present day. Baron Gros, after a long life crowned with success and renown, at length, like Leopold Robert, his young *énuile* has terminated his career, and himself put an end to his existence, without even a parting farewell to his numerous friends and pupils. We follow the crowd till we are opposite to a picture executed by M. Hesse, "Leonardo di Vinci restoring Freedom to Birds." The subject is happily chosen, executed in a masterly style, and brings us back to the time when this prince of artists flourished. H. Vernet has not done himself justice in the four battle scenes that he has given us this year. Mr. Condet, in his "Battle of Lawfeldt," has been more successful. All the poetry of the composition rests in that noble sentiment of Louis XV. who, in pointing out to his principal prisoner the villages in flames, exclaims, "M. Le Comte il n'y a pas

de paix qui ne valut mieux qu'une telle victoire." The victor lamenting his victory. M. Léon Cogniet's "Departure of the National Guards of Paris for the Frontiers, in 1792," is well worthy of attention. In this excellent picture the artist supports his reputation as one of the very first historical painters of which Europe can boast. Charlet, the witty caricaturist, gives us in an episode of the retreat from Russia a sad but salutary lesson on human vicissitudes. C. Roqueplan, who has numerous pictures at the exhibition, still continues to maintain his well-earned reputation. Messrs. Jolivard, Coignet, Courst, Dupressoir, E. Isaby, and Leportevin, have given us some valuable proofs of talent in landscape and marine painting. Portraits are, we regret to add, much too numerous, offering an assemblage of insipid and unknown likenesses which reflect, with few exceptions, little credit either upon the artists or the persons whom they are intended to represent. Amongst the miniature painters, Lequeutre and Madame Merbet undoubtedly rank first. We are disposed to think that the number of pictures in the present exhibition is alarmingly great. What will arise from this profusion of canvas and so numerous a host of artists?

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

Memorials of Mrs. Hemans,—By H. F. CHORLEY, 2 vols. Saunders and Otley

THE present generation—gainsay it who will—is more barren in real poetry than any within the last 200 years. Up to the present time from the commencement of the Stuart dynasty, England has been able to boast of some poet actively engaged in his vocation and worthy of the veneration of his contemporaries. Alas! it is not so now. Wordsworth, Campbell, and More, as poets, are dead to us; John Wilson and J. Montgomery seem contented with their fame already won; and we have none on whose head we can fairly place the poetic prize of the cap and bays. Alas! how do these thoughts call us back to the sweet warblings of dear Mrs. Hemans, who united to so exquisite a degree the most philosophic and fervent piety with the true spirit of poetry. Her memory is entwined with so many beautiful recollections of youth, and with so many passages of romance in real life, that it would be an act of the basest ingratitude to forget the claims of her 'memorials' to a public and favourable notice. Those of our readers who are acquainted with her exalted genius as a mistress of song will not think us enthusiastic in this imperfect expression of our sentiments. An outline of her history may not be unacceptable.

FELICIA BROWN,—for such was her maiden name,—was born at Liverpool in 1794, but at the early age of five years was removed with her family into Denbighshire in North Wales, where she lived till the time of her marriage with Captain Hemans, which happened when she was eighteen. By this gentleman she had five children; but shortly before the birth of the last a separation took place, owing partly perhaps to the delicacy of her husband's health—partly to the want of congeniality in their intellectual dispositions. Till the year 1828 Mrs. Hemans remained in Wales, when she removed to Wavertree near Liverpool; and here she resided till 1831. In the summer of 1829 she visited Scotland, and, besides being honoured with the attentions of other men of letters in modern Athens was treated with the greatest hospitality by Sir Walter Scott:—in the following year she visited the lakes and met with a kind reception from Wordsworth. In the early part of 1831 she removed to

Dublin, where she resided till her death, harassed by the pecuniary difficulties consequent on the maintenance of her family, and by her anxiety for the establishment of her sons. Sir Robert Peel in 1835 (too late, alas!—for disease had already taken too firm a hold of Mrs. Hemans's system) procured a public situation for one of her sons:—and this act of kindness, no doubt, soothed the last few months of her life. She continued to be a poetess even to the last. We give her closing moments in Mr. Chorley's own words!

"On the 26th day of April, she closed her poetical career, by dictating the Sabbath Sonnet, which will be read and remembered as long as her name is loved and cherished. From this time she sank away gently but steadily; still able to derive pleasure from being occasionally read to; and on Tuesday the 12th of May, still able to read for herself a portion of the sixteenth chapter of St. John, her favourite amongst the Evangelists. Nearly the last words she was heard to utter were, on Saturday the 16th of May, to ask her youngest son, then sitting by her bed-side, what he was reading. When he told her the name of the book, she said, "Well, do you like it?" After this she fell into a gentle sleep, which continued almost unbroken till evening; when about the hour of eight or nine, her spirit passed away without a sigh or a struggle." So died Felicia Hemans.

In the last year were published "Personal Recollections of Mrs. Hemans"—and the volumes here noticed may be considered as the *suite* of their predecessors, and a consequence of their favourable reception. We dwell on these portions of Mrs. Hemans's correspondence with the greatest pleasure; and to those who can relish the correspondence of a real child of nature (for such we shall still consider her, in spite of those who would rake up her failings) we can recommend these volumes as containing treasures of no ordinary value. Without profaneness we trust that we may say:—"though dead, she yet speaketh."

Mr. Chorley gives us an account of some of the passages in Mrs. Hemans's early years, and they are so interesting that we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of laying a portion before our readers.

"As a child Mrs. Hemans was an object almost of devotion, for her extreme beauty; her complexion was remarkably brilliant—her hair long, curling, and golden;—in the latter years of her life its hue deepened into brown, but it remained silken, and profuse, and wavy, to the last. She was one of those, too, who may be said to be born and nurtured in the midst of prophecies. Who can tell how little or how much impression passing words carelessly spoken may make upon one so sensitive?—One lady incautiously observed, in her hearing, 'That child is not made for happiness, I know; her colour comes and goes too fast.' She never forgot this remark, and would mention it as having caused her much pain at the time when it was spoken.

"The plan of these memorials has precluded the possibility of a close enquiry into the domestic history of these years—and I regret that I cannot enrich my pages with a few anecdotes of her youth, such as I well remember Mrs. Hemans's telling, which have now vexatiously escaped from memory. One or two characteristic notices, however, in addition to the above, have collected themselves. From one lady—who was surprised into tears upon meeting her unexpectedly in society, and contrasting her somewhat faded but expressive features with the girlish beauty she had admired many years before—I have learned that the interest excited by her talents and attractions, when quite a child, was remarkable; not merely in her own family, but likewise among those who, from their sober years and habits, might hardly be expected to sympathize much with the flights and fancies of a young genius, however beautiful.

"When Miss Browne was little more than five years of age, domestic embarrassments, arising from the failure of the mercantile concern in which her father was engaged, led him to remove his family from Liverpool to North Wales.

The house in which she passed the greatest part of her childhood was precisely such a one as from its situation and character would encourage the development of her poetic fancies. Grwyth (now partially ruined) is not far from Abergele in Denbighshire; a solitary, old, and spacious mansion—lying close to the sea shore, and in front shut in by a chain of rocky hills. * * She loved to contrast the fancies born within and around its precincts, with the realities of her after lot; she would say that, though she was never ambitious, could she then have foreseen the fame to which she was destined to rise, the anticipation would have excited a thrill of pleasure, such as the possession had never awakened. She was early a reader of Shakspeare; and, by way of securing shade and freedom from interruption, used to climb an apple-tree, and there study his plays; nor had she long made familiar friendship with his 'beings of the mind,' before she was possessed with the temporary desire—so often born of an intense delight and appreciation—of personifying them. It is remarkable that her fancy led her to prefer the characters of Imogen and Beatrice; nor were her favourites without strong points of resemblance to herself—the one in its airy sentiment tempered with sweet and faithful affection—the other in its brilliant wit redeemed by high-mindedness from sarcasm or vulgarity—so early were her tastes, and personal feelings, and mental gifts identified. The sea-shore was her forest of Ardennes: and she loved its loneliness and freedom well: it was a favourite freak of hers, when quite a child, to get up privately, after careful attendants had fancied her safe in bed, and, making her way down to the water-side, to indulge herself with a stolen bath. The sound of the ocean, and the melancholy sights of wreck and ruin, which follow a storm, made an indelible impression upon her mind, and gave their colouring and imagery—

A sound and a gleam of the moaning sea—

to many of the lyrics, which were written when she began to trust to her own impulses, and to draw upon her own stores, instead of more timidly resting under the shadow of mighty names.

"Those who are born poets, will find food for the desire within them, under the most ungenial circumstances, and in the midst of the harshest trials—just as the real lover of flowers will contrive not to be without a leaf or a bud, wherewith to cheer his eye, though his home be the most airless court in the heart of a vast city. To some, persecution and difficulty are salutary, and their energy must be aroused by resistance. Mrs. Hemans was not one of these. I have often thought that there could be few lots more favourable to the development of imagination and sentiment, more calculated to excite a thirst for knowledge, than hers,—her own peculiar disposition being taken into the account. Enough was granted to encourage,—enough withheld to quicken aspiration."

There are several highly interesting letters to Mr. Milman, Joanna Baillie, Miss Mitford and others of her own taste in literature,—and many others, besides, that we would fain lay before the reader; but we must forbear:—the limited space of our literary notices will not permit us to notice these delightful books more at length.

If the love of poetry be not altogether gone,—if the sweet recollection of Mrs. Hemans's muse has not faded from the memory of those who read these remarks, these volumes will not want readers.

The Mammon of Unrighteousness,—a discourse suggested by the death of Mr. Rothschild, By JOHN STYLES, D.D. 8vo. pp. 32. Ward.

It is well if the death of a person who made his whole life and moral being the slave of avarice, can be turned to account as a moral lesson. Much has been said of the political influence of the late capitalist not only in England, but on the continent. On this matter we question not the truth of those who testify to the fact. We regard the whole at present in a moral point of

view. If we are rightly informed, Mr. Rothschild came from Manchester or Liverpool, many years ago, as a poor man, and became connected with some monied house in the city—in which and by private ventures he gained a sufficient sum to enter on speculations for himself. His further history, which soon became connected with the turbulent period of our history in the French war—we have no means of ascertaining. That war, at any rate, was mainly instrumental in raising him to that pinnacle of golden glory to which he was afterwards exalted. Mr. Rothschild was not a proud man—except on one point: the pride of the capitalist never rose higher in any one than in him, the acknowledged sovereign of the British money-market. That pride should have been engendered, under such circumstances, is not matter of surprise. Without reproaching the dead, we may fairly derive a moral lesson from the errors of humanity.

Dr. Styles's sermon (from Luke xvi. 9, "Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness") is worthy of the talents of that minister (who by the way has been rather hardly used by many members of his connexion), and shows very well the folly of covetousness, the abuse of money in the hands of the unrighteous, and its right use when committed to those who hold it in stewardship from God. It does not fall within the province of a magazine of general literature to notice the theological part of the sermon: but we may fairly make an extract or two in which the great capitalist is introduced.

In the introduction the reverend gentleman observes:

"Death, under whatever circumstances it occurs, is always monitory—but its visitation is seldom known beyond the narrow circle of private affection and friendship. It is only at long intervals that his awful voice passes the boundaries of a province, and is heard by a nation and a world. And even in such instances it rather produces surprise than sympathy. Princes and nobles, while they live, fill a large space before the eyes of mankind; their death therefore becomes a subject of universal observation, but it nearly affects only the privileged few of their own rank and order,—they alone feel themselves struck at in the person of their illustrious compeer. If ever society at large is disposed to listen to the *memento mori* with salutary effect, it is when death selects for his victim an individual equally linked with all its classes. This of course must be an event of rare occurrence, and ought not to be suffered to pass unheeded and unimproved.

"The great capitalist, who is now no more, belonged to the whole civilized world. Mammon might have chosen him for his high priest, had he been as selfish as he was successful. As a man of business, and one of the people, he had more than a monarch's power. The peace of Europe was in his hands, and one cause alone invested him with this strange prerogative—and that cause was money. As cupidity, covetousness, the love of wealth is the universal passion, and as in the instance of Mr. Rothschild it received boundless gratification, his death in the midst of his riches, and at a time when he possessed the capacity of enjoying them to the utmost, may at least induce the busy throng who now imagine that the grand impediment to the success of their selfish speculations is removed, to pause for a moment and to ask themselves, whether it is wisdom to follow his example, or to listen to the voice of the Son of God which addresses them from his tomb. And they, too, who are happily in little danger of being hurried into the grand vortex which drowns so many in perdition, but who in some way or other are brought in daily contact with money, as a test of principle, and a means of duty, would do well to ponder the same counsel now so seasonable, and rendered so peculiarly impressive by the solemn event which has thrown the whole world of Mammon into a fever of confusion and excitement."

After the development of the text and the deduction of the various moral lessons suggested by unrighteous mammon,—in the third part of his discourse, the preacher introduces the following notice of Mr. Rothschild with its moral.

"All will admit that such a man as Nathan Meyer Rothschild, should not

be suffered to pass unnoticed to his grave. In what I have said, and in what I mean to say, I neither insinuate commendation nor censure. As Christians, we can form no just estimate of his character by our peculiar standards of excellence. But the fact of his belonging to the Hebrew nation, I confess, was one inducement which led me to announce my intention of impressing upon this congregation the lessons which are suggested by his sudden removal from a world where he held a station so conspicuous and so influential. I never think of a Jew but I feel a glow of shame mantling in my cheeks; though it is some relief to me to know that in England this insulted and degraded people have for many generations not only found a refuge but a home, and I trust that the day is not far distant when they will enjoy all the civil privileges of Britons. Discharging the obligations, they are equally with ourselves entitled to the honours which the state confers upon good citizens and good subjects. And throughout the civilized world, it is some consolation to feel that a Jew is no longer an outcast from social humanity. But oh the dismal past, the heart-rending scenes of other times! It is no apology for the unparalleled wrongs inflicted upon them by professed Christians and Christian governments, as they have been impiously called—that this oppressed race threw a halo of glory around their sufferings, and that the flames of the *auto-da-fé* purified them into heroes and martyrs.* It is, in truth, a glaring aggravation of the guilt of their remorseless persecutors. What a foul blot is their history on the annals of Christendom! Century after century consigned them to hopeless wretchedness. They had none to plead their cause on earth, and their only advocate in heaven they had despised and rejected—yet, if his voice could have been heard in the church which professed to reverence his character and to follow his example, a Jew would have been the object of its sympathy, of its prayers, of its compassion. I trust the time will come when the descendants of Abraham will be taught to distinguish between Christianity, and the spoliators and murderers who so long assumed and profaned the Christian name. O! that they knew that no part of the miseries under which their fathers groaned can in justice be charged upon that blessed religion which proclaims peace on earth and good-will to men! The savages that persecuted them to the death were not, could not be, the followers of the meek, the merciful, the holy Jesus. I shall be pardoned this brief digression, and you will prolong your attention a few moments—while, in pointing to the tomb of the great capitalist who has just departed, I contrast the triumph of death with the triumph of mammon. How the one is tarnished and disgraced before the other! And is this all that the world can do for its most devoted worshippers, to mock them with possessions which have no reality! The grave is always instructive. But there lies the man of many millions: years of anxiety were spent in their accumulation; and to increase them, and at the same time to show the power of their possessor, at his bidding a panic shook the whole commercial world to the centre; at his bidding, too, the agitation was hushed into a calm, but not till a thousand wrecks were scattered at his feet. But in his turn the mighty is fallen—in vain was the golden sceptre of Mammon held forth to soothe or to menace that enemy who is neither to be bribed nor intimidated, who is armed with terrors, and who has all the wealth that individuals have amassed, from Cræsus to Rothschild, under his supreme control. In the presence of the god, death claimed and bore away his victim, but left his wealth to be dissipated till at length not a vestige of it shall remain. It has been the fate of all large accumulations gradually and imperceptibly to diminish, or suddenly to vanish away. We cannot visit the shining heaps of Cræsus: if they exist, they bear no mark that they were ever his. Thelluson's immense fortune is dissolving like snow before the sun; and of Rothschild's, in a century, or even in a few years, it may be enquired, Where is it?

* "When driven from Spain by the cruel edict of Ferdinand and Isabella, the sufferings of the Jews were only equalled by their heroic fortitude. Milman's narrative is most touching and affecting."

and echo will answer, Where? It would well become the living Mammon to put on sackcloth and ashes, and to mourn over the ravages of death, who not only compels the children of this world to abandon their possessions, but secretly smites their possessions too; so that they often disappear, no man can tell whither. All that can be affirmed of them is—they were, and are not.

"But death, as the antagonist of Mammon, triumphs over him most signally when he arrests his most successful votary in the midst of his increasing riches, and in the moment of his greatest power. It is then that we perceive that his worshippers are his victims; that he rewards not with wealth, but with a miserable and abject poverty—such poverty as the light of eternity alone can reveal in all its wretchedness, in all its horror.

"How brief, how humbling, is the record of mortality in the gospel! "The beggar died"—"the rich man also died,"—with what addition? "and was buried." This was the only earthly difference between them. The mighty change was in the other life. The beggar was rich in Abraham's bosom; and the rich man's poverty was so deep, that Mammon could not afford him pelf enough to purchase a drop of water to "cool his parched tongue." How common is the phrase, "He died immensely rich!" but, if the Scriptures be true, how often is this an entire perversion of language! No man dies rich who goes naked, impoverished, and friendless into eternity. If he has no treasure there, what he possessed here can avail him nothing. The day of a rich man's death is the day of his failure. What a sensation would it have created in the exchanges of all the nations of Europe, if six months ago it had been announced that Baron Rothschild had failed! It would have affected the monied world a thousand times more deeply than the announcement of his death.

"Yet at that moment, as regarded all the immense wealth he had accumulated, he was reduced to utter destitution and beggary; and, unless smiling immortals awaited to welcome and receive his departing spirit, he has left no wretch on earth so forlorn and miserable as himself. Oh! it is not thus that death triumphs over Christian faith and hope; the faith and hope sustained and illustrated by Christian love—that holy charity which, by its active and perpetual diffusiveness, lays up for itself treasures in heaven."

Popular Songs of the Germans, with Explanatory Notes by W.

KLAUER KLATTOWSKI, 12mo. Simpkin and Marshall.

WE had occasion some months ago to notice Professor Klauer as a gentleman who has done the state some service by his literary and educational talent. His German manual is an exceedingly good book, and is decidedly the best of all the books for teaching German in this country:—but we are doubtful how far any work of whatever talent can succeed in teaching that noble but not easy language, and this opinion is grounded on an acquaintance with the German language and its literature of several years' standing, and on the teaching of language in general. Indeed we do not think that the author so far forgets his own interest as a teacher, as to wish for his work all the success for which the title is ambitious. Our advice to those of our readers who wish to learn German, is to buy M. Klauer's manual and engage the author to illustrate and explain it.

M. Klauer's new work is quite of a different character from that before noticed. It is the first volume of a series intended to comprise the poetical anthology of Germany, dear Germany, whose poetry brings back to recollection so many hours of social enjoyment, in those days when life had not been "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." The present volume contains a collection of the most popular songs of Germany; and though it may have omitted some which are consecrated to the memory by early associations, it contains a large proportion which we can never forget for "auld lang syne." We instance particularly Stolberg's "Lob der Freundschaft;" Göthe's "Huntsman's Even-song;" and "der König in Thule" by the same; but it

is no use to go on with the enumeration of Schiller's lighter pieces, and the songs of Bürger, Herder, and other votaries of the German muse. Suffice it here to say, that this is a very good selection.

The songs of Germany are really *poetry*. Can an equal compliment be paid to those of England, France, and Italy? Surely not.

We hope that the encouragement with which this elegantly accoutred little volume has met from his many titled friends and true—will induce its learned and very amiable compiler to proceed cheerfully in his work.

Report and Prize-list of the Edinburgh Academy for 1836. 8vo. pp. 39. BLACK.

WITHIN the last twenty years, a great improvement has taken place in the system of school-education. In our own school-boy days the public schools of this country, proceeded on mere routine and were properly called grammar-schools; as grammar, dead formal grammar of dead languages, formed the alpha and omega of the instruction. Happy the youth who after undergoing the wholesome discipline of birch and grammar for eight or nine years, was able to read and understand the beauties of a classic author. Every thing else in these schools was looked on with supreme contempt. The plans of such schools are now altered—not before they had become the object of ridicule to all intelligent men:—but, never mind, they are altered and for the better. Boys are not stuffed with grammar, like turkeys with meal, and it is not thought necessary to keep a poor wight one or two years poring over his grammar, ere he is called to construe a book in Latin. It is not now the rule to make all boys invariably Latin poets, nor to make them recite Latin poetry without understanding it. Better plans are now adopted:—the students' faculties are called into operation, they are no longer treated as machines, but as thinking beings capable of intellectual training. The principles of grammar are now taught as well as its forms, and a mass of illustration is presented by the contemporaneous reading of classical writers under the superintendence of an intelligent teacher. Besides this, Latin and Greek do not now monopolize the students' time in our public schools. Eton, Winchester, Charter-house, and St. Paul's, are we believe the only places that retain the old prejudices in favour of exclusive classical instruction. Harrow, Rugby, Shrewsbury, and Westminster, have conceded to the general demand for general instruction; and in these and other foundation schools, History, Geography, Arithmetic, and Mathematics, take their turn with Greek and Latin. In some, even French is taught, and in one or two instances, we have heard of German. This is as it should be. We do not join in the cry of the ultra-reformers, who would sink the classics altogether; we know that such studies have a tendency to form a correctly-thinking mind and have a great influence in forming a literary taste, and therefore we should not wish to see them abandoned, nor do we wish the higher orders of instructors to succumb to the fancies of radical educationists. Let there be a fair mingling of classical and general instruction: let the dead languages hold an important station; but at the same time, let a fair allotment of time be devoted to what is usually considered as belonging to *general* education—Geography, History, and the pure and mixed sciences.

It is because we think that the great requisites of a good *curriculum* of school-training are combined in the Edinburgh Academy, that we submit the following abstract from the Rector's report to the notice of our readers. At the same time we do not mean to insinuate that this establishment is better conducted than *any* south of the Tweed, though we fully concede to it the honour of being *one* of the very best conducted of the three kingdoms. Those of our readers who are parents will be interested by the perusal of the report, which proceeds as follows:—

"I still hold that the intellectual powers are best called into action, and strengthened, by a careful cultivation of the sciences of Number, Geometry,

and Grammar, and that sound education consists in placing these instrumental arts completely at the command of the pupil. The first two, present him with the key which will unlock to him the secret laws of the material world, the wonderful arrangements according to which the universe moves on in harmony and order; while the latter is the only door, through which an entrance can be obtained, into the still more glorious edifice of the human mind, and to the principles of language, without which there would be no communicable nor transmitted science of mind. Grammar is the only foundation for logic itself, without which man is a continual dupe to every fallacy, and utterly unable to pass a sound judgment on any question of law or moral philosophy, or on the revelation of God's will, whether communicated in the ample page of the material creation, or in the more easily understood revelation by words.

"Perhaps the Directors are not aware of the extent of a delusion, under which some persons labour, about the course of studies pursued at the Academy. It is affirmed from day to day, and with a pertinacity which defies contradiction, that in our Establishment nothing but the classics are studied, and that almost our exclusive attention is devoted to them. In answer to these erroneous statements, I place before the Directors the following Table of the Weekly Studies in the several Classes:—

FIRST and SECOND CLASSES—Latin 14½ hours—other studies 14.

THIRD CLASS—Latin and Greek, 20 hours—other studies 11.

FOURTH CLASS—Latin and Greek, 17 hours—other studies 12½

FIFTH CLASS—Latin and Greek, 17½ hours—other studies 12½

SIXTH CLASS—Latin and Greek, 14 hours—other studies 15

SEVENTH CLASS—Latin and Greek, 17 hours—other studies 13

"From this statement it will be seen, what a considerable portion of the whole time is devoted to other studies than Greek and Latin; and when we take into consideration that all is done according to time tables, which prevent the possibility of one study being sacrificed to another, the charge of our exclusive devotion to the classics must appear utterly groundless. Indeed, the wonder is, how it can be expected that our pupils, compelled as they are to perform the whole work of the Academy, without dispensing with any department, can be expected to compete with pupils, whose time has been exclusively, or almost exclusively, devoted to classical studies. This is particularly the case with the Fifth, Sixth and Seventh Classes, where the proportion between the time allowed and the expected proficiency of the Pupils, is one which, I am certain, would alarm the most self-confident classical master of the day.

"In the mean time, I have no cause to complain, and can conscientiously declare, that the whole School is in every department in a healthy state, and under a wholesome course of instruction. I have prepared my own classes for an examination on paper,—the only real test of the scholarship of a class.

"Mr. Wood has continued to give us great assistance, and to superintend the English department with unwearied zeal and proportionate success.

"As the Silver Medal in the Seventh Class will be given to the pupil who will pass the best examination on paper in Algebra and Geometry, it will be necessary for the Directors to ask some qualified person to draw up the necessary questions, and examine the answers.

"The range of study which the class has accomplished during the year, and on which the pupils are prepared to be examined, is as follows:—

"1. IN PURE GEOMETRY.

"Frequent Revisals of the first Four Books of Euclid, and the Sixth Book for the first time.

"Many Exercises strictly Geometrical have been prescribed and performed in the Class-room.

"2. IN TRIGONOMETRY.

"The different Trigonometrical Lines, as given in the Tables, have been fully explained, and some of them calculated. Right Angled and Oblique Angled Triangles in all the different cases have been solved, and a great number of

Problems in which Trigonometry is applied to Surveying, the Mensuration of inaccessible Heights and Distances, &c. have been solved. The use of Logarithms comes under this part of the course; their nature and application were explained, and great dexterity in the use of them, has been acquired.

"3. IN MENSURATION.

"All kinds of Plane Surfaces, Regular and Irregular; the different methods of Land-surveying, as far as it could be done without proper instruments, and in the Class-room; also, the method of calculating some of the simple solids.

"4. IN ALGEBRA.

"The Elementary Rules, Fractions, the Extraction of Roots, the application of the Binomial Theorem, Proportion, Simple Equations, Quadratic Equations, Cubic Equations (by Cardan's method,) and higher Equations by approximation, Arithmetical and Geometrical Progressions, the Summation of some simple cases of Infinite Sines and Compound Interest.

"July 2, 1836.

(Signed) JOHN WILLIAMS, Rector."

We add a short account of the studies of the different classes.

FIRST CLASS.*

Latin: Rudiments, with Rules of Syntax and part of the Vocabulary of conjugated Verbs. Delectus. Grammatical Exercises.—*Geography*: The general outlines of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, with the particular geography of England and Scotland.—*Scripture Biography*.—*English*: Simpson's History of Scotland, and recitations of Poetry.—*Arithmetic*: Four rules, Reduction, Addition, and Subtraction of money.

SECOND CLASS.

Latin: The Rudiments with the Vocabulary of conjugated Verbs, and the Rules for the Genders of Nouns. Grammatical Exercises. Delectus continued.—*Geography*: The Maps of Europe.—*Scripture Biography*.—*English*: Simpson's History of England, to the end of the reign of Elizabeth. Recitations.—*Arithmetic*: Compound Addition, Subtraction, Multiplication, and Division of Money, and Weights and Measures. The higher division begin Vulgar Fractions.

THIRD CLASS.

Latin: Cæsar. Electa ex Ovidio. Grammatical Exercises. Rudiments with the Latin Rules for the Gender of Nouns and Prosody.—*Greek*: Rudiments, to the end of the Verbs. Extracts.—*Scripture Biography*.—*Geography*: The Map of Europe and Asia.—*English*: Simpson's Roman History, to the end of the first Punic War, and Recitations.—*Arithmetic*: Principles of Addition, Subtraction, Multiplication, and Division of Simple and Compound Quantities, Simple Proportion, and Practice.

FOURTH CLASS.

Latin: Virgil's *Æneid*. Sallust's *Catiline*. Mair's Introduction, the easier portions. Rudiments, with Rules for Gender and Prosody. Written Exercises in prose and verse.—*Greek*: Extracts. Rudiments.—*Scripture Biography*.—*Geography*: Africa, North America, and South America, the West Indies, and the Islands in the Pacific Ocean.—*English*: Simpson's History of Greece to the end of the Peloponnesian War. Recitations.—*Arithmetic*: Practice, Simple and Compound Proportion, Interest, and other Commercial Arithmetic.

FIFTH CLASS.

Latin: Virgil's *Æneid*. Horace. Livy. Rudiments, with Latin Rules for Gender and Quantity.—*Greek*: Xenophon's *Anabasis*. Homer. Dunbar's Introductory Exercises. Greek Testament, Greek Rudiments, revised. Nu-

* The arrangement of the masters with respect to their classes is different to what is usual in ordinary schools. The masters go up with their classes, so that a boy in his progress from the bottom to the top of the school receives his classical instruction from one master only, till he reaches the fifth class, in and above which he receives his instructions from the rector, assisted by his former master. The assistant master, as soon as he reaches the rector's lowest class, takes the lowest or first class also; when he aids his principal in the sixth, he takes the second also; and when he is assistant master of the seventh, he is master of the third class. The rector regularly examines the different classes at stated periods.

merous Exercises in prose and verse.—*Ancient Geography*: Various Countries of the Roman Empire.—*English*: The first four Books of Milton's *Paradise Lost* critically read and passages committed to memory.—*Elementary Science by Mr. Wood*: General properties of bodies, cohesion, attraction, gravitation, laws of motion, mechanical powers, mechanical properties of fluids, specific gravity, mechanical properties of air, general effects of heat, chemical attraction, compound parts of atmospheric air, component parts of water.—*Arithmetic*: Vulgar and Decimal Fractions; Extraction of the Square Root.—*Geometry*: The First Book of Euclid's Elements.

SIXTH CLASS.

Latin: Horace's Books, 3d and 4th of the Odes and Epodes. Virgil's Georgics. Livy.—*Greek*: Sandford's Homeric Exercises. Homer's *Iliad*. Xenophon's *Anabasis*. Euripedes *Medea*. Greek Testament, John and Acts. Exercises in Prose and Verse. Greek and Latin.—*Ancient Geography*: Hispania, Gallia, Britannia, Germania, Vindelicia, &c., Italia, Sicilia, and Græcia, to the end of Græcia Propria.—*English*: Shakspeare read and critically examined. Irving's Elements of English Composition read and explained.—*Arithmetic*: Frequent revisals of the Rules taught in the Fourth and Fifth Classes.—*Geometry*: The first four books of Euclid.—*Algebra*: As far as Quadratic Equations.—*French*: The Pupils belonging to this Class are taught French in two divisions, attending three hours a-week. Levizac's Grammar explained. Cours de Littérature read and translated.

SEVENTH CLASS.

Latin: Horace. Epistles and Ars Poetica. Cicero. The Orations. Livy. Tacitus.—*Greek*: Homer. Xenophon's *Anabasis*. Sophocles. Herodotus. New Testament. Luke's Gospel. Exercises in English, Greek, and Latin, prose and verse.—*Geometry*: First Six Books of Euclid. Trigonometry, as applied to Surveying and Navigation, Mensuration, and Algebra.—*French*: Levizac's Grammar. Cours de Littérature. Plays of Molière, Racine, &c., read and translated.

We are glad to see that religious education is not altogether neglected in the Edinburgh Academy. Whatever may be said about the introduction of religion into university education, we are quite sure that in a school the inculcation of moral and religious *habits* is absolutely necessary. There are several specimens of Greek, Latin, and English composition, annexed to this report, that are highly creditable to the young men as well as to their instructors.

The Tailors (or "Quadrupeds,") a Tragedy for Warm Weather. In Three Acts. Illustrated with Original Designs by R. Cruikshank. With Introductory Remarks by R. RYAN. Finch, Cornhill.

THIS reprint is beautifully "got up;" the illustrations by Cruikshank are replete with humorous combinations of the grotesque.

Ryans' preface is hit off with considerable tact, and, besides giving an account of the riots at the Haymarket Theatre concerning this piece, it contains a brief life of Foote, and the following graphic description of John Reeve, the fidelity of which portrait all will acknowledge.

"The next representative of Abrahamides, of any note, in London, was John Reeve, who, as a performer of burlesque tragedy, is entitled to the appellation of a leviathan;—'none but himself can be his parallel;' naturally redolent with every variety of broad humour and whimsical fun, he unites each physical requisite necessary to the embodying of all his droll and ludicrous imaginings. Those who have not witnessed his performance of mock tragedy can have but a faint idea of the grotesque. His huge rolling eye,—his broad ungainly figure, assisted by stage costume,—and the succession of absurdities he illustrates in his deportment, must be seen to be appreciated. He is the Gillray, Rowlandson, and Cruikshank of his art combined—presenting the lights and shades of caricature, with a fidelity, richness, and breadth equal to all three of these children of Apelles."

Adventures of Bilberry Thurland,—by C HOOBON, with illustration by Hervieu. 3 vols. 8vo. Bentley.

THE intention of the author, as we suppose from the perusal of the volumes, has been to decry the practice, of giving charity, and to show all the vices consequent upon Mendicity. So far,—so good :—but if we may be allowed to give our own opinion, on a matter of such political consequence, it is of the highest importance that the cause should be espoused in a serious tone of mind. Satire is a very powerful weapon when used by a man of first-rate genius ;—but in the hands of any other, it is as an edge-tool in the grasp of a child. The author of these volumes intended to be a satirist : he has in effect been little more than a matter-of-fact describer of low-life. *Parturient montes : nascetur ridiculus mus*. We question whether in a moral point of view, the exhibition of moral depravity is at all available in encouraging virtue. On this point however, in the present criticism it is not necessary to insist. We have no kind of personal feeling against the author, as we never heard of his name before ; but our public duty would not be properly performed, if we did not enter our protest against the *system* of holding up a mass of moral depravity unredeemed by a single virtuous trait to public perusal.

The life of Bilberry Thurland is that of a vagrant and thief. His mother is a vagrant, his father, no one knows who ; and the son is worthy of his virtuous parents. The female trampler instils at a surprisingly early period all her own thrifty maxims into Bilberry's mind : and Bilberry, promising boy, is not slow in availing himself of the maternal instruction. His adventures in early life soon make him acquainted with the necessity or profit of falsehood and theft ; and his precocity in the ways of evil, as he grows up, is quite remarkable. We however, who have read the book, are not surprised, nor will our reader be, when they see the sage advice administered to him by the maternal parent.

"They were one day passing down a green bye-lane, all cartruts and puddle, when his mother, twitching up her gown and shifting her basket on to the other arm, began to talk to him after a more rational manner, giving him to understand that the worldly old proverb of a rolling stone gathering no moss was exactly reversed amongst people of their line of business ; with them it was, *Lie still and rot*."

"We must circulate," said she, "or we cannot live. If you would do well, not only shift your place, but change yourself according to times and circumstances, and then like a variable wind, you will sweep into every corner. I have known beggars, who through their bad judgment, have been beggars on their deathbeds ; though such a dog's life as it is, a man ought to be worth a Jew's eye in a few years. If you prove a *steady youth*, I shall expect to see you in a situation to do something for your mother when she gets old. You must have your eyes about you ; remember your brains are behind your eyes, and what is that for ? Take notice how all sorts of people are to be best managed. It is not by always telling the same tale nor by cringing and sneaking like a whelp with his tail cut off, that most is to be got. Some folks give way in one manner and some in another, and they all want humouring to their fancy. You get it of some by being very humble, of others in the way of a great favour, as though you were ashamed of asking for it ; while now and then there is an odd one or two that pay best on demand. I knew a man, as clever a fellow as I ever set eyes on, who could tell, at full twenty yards off, whether any body was likely to give or not ; and if he were, which was the best way of asking him. When he saw one of these straight old gentlemen coming down the causeway, who walk with sticks turned in a lathe and hold themselves as upright as a victual-bag, he knew at a glance that nothing was to be got there but the threat of a commitment to the round-house ; and those slim old maids who walk on the breadth of a curbstone he never asked

at all, for they only spit on the ground at the smell of you and say, *Get away! these you must avoid altogether.*"

"She gave him similar instructions respecting the principal conspicuous characters of mankind, and finally made Bilberry thank her for her seasonable advice. Afterwards she informed him that as people had grown so stingy and uncharitable, it was almost impossible to live amongst them in a common way, it would be well, now he had arrived at years sufficient to enable him to distinguish between stealing a thing and finding it, if, in addition to all the rest, he was to be continually on the look out for what he could find. 'In this world,' she observed, 'nothing is more certain; it is of full change, and people are always losing something. If we could but find every thing that is lost, I should bid good-bye to this basket: but things cannot be found, if people do not look for them?' She then told him it would not be amiss, if, when he chanced to alight by mere accident upon any little matter left by the washerwomen on the hedges or the grass, which after being washed and brought out to dry, was not worth carrying home again, he should be sure to put it into his pocket for her, as she could make many of those little worthless matters come in, though every body else turned up their noses at them: at the same time, with the most considerate caution, she warned him not to take up the least trifle if any body observed him, because the world was such a wicked place for judging by appearances and putting the worst construction upon people's actions; and therefore, he being but a ragged boy, they would be certain to construe it into robbery."

The sage adviser gives further hints about preventing eggs from going rotten and getting wasted, about putting lamed fowls out of their misery, about relieving milch-cows of their burthen when full of milk, &c., for which the lady would undoubtedly deserve some handsome reward from the Society for Preventing Cruelty to Animals. Of course, in consequence of these wise instructions, the more Bilberry saw and understood of his mother, the more he admired her excellences and became fixed in his resolve to follow her advice as far as he was able in every thing.

The various adventures through which Bilberry passes are especially droll, however much our own inclinations are opposed to that mode of life. We believe moreover, if that be any praise, that the author writes not from mere hear-say: the work gives evidence that he has himself been a witness of many of the scenes here depicted. These volumes, then, have the guarantee of probability and truth. Besides this, the author is not deficient in his knowledge of provincial manners; and we cannot avoid the temptation of giving to our readers another specimen (as an offset for what we consider to be a very objectionable portion of the work before us.)

"Blunt was a regular English churchman of the right old farmerish religion; that is he held the Sabbath as a kind of weekly scraper, on which to free the soul from the dirt of the last six days' sin. He went to church with his men in the morning; he had the Bible read to both men and maids for the exact space of an hour in the afternoon; and after that they were free to gossip, sleep, or go a-courting, as best suited their inclinations, till six o'clock. Evening service he made them all attend together; while he himself either rambled about his homestead to look after things a little, putting a flake into the gap of a broken fence, or giving the neglected waggon-wheels an occasional lick of grease; or else he smoked a pipe, and drank his own ale, always out of a silver tankard, until his nose grew ripe, and he slid into a nap to conclude with. In doing thus, he believed he fulfilled the main scope of religion; he put it like his best coat, on and off with the day; and for the rest of the week he violated some half-dozen of the ten commandments with the most Christian confidence and indifference. Besides this, he was in other respects an odd man. He made his memorandums of business, and chalked up the majority of his accounts, inside his sheds, stables, and on the walls all about his farm-

yard. The consequence of keeping so extensive a ledger was this, that not unfrequently after chalking up a particular account, and wishing to refer to it half an hour after, he did not know where to find it, would fly into a great passion with himself, and when, perhaps three months after it had become useless, he happened by chance to detect it placed in some conspicuous situation, on purpose that it might not be overlooked, he would laugh heartily to think he had not found it before.

"Under this gentleman's care, Bilberry learned many of those useful occupations which belong especially to the farmer's boy. He became a generally useful character in the homestead, and eventually lived in this rustic capacity several years.

"His first employments were chiefly of the simplest kind. Morning and night, in those seasons when the cows were milked in the farm-yard, it was his office to fetch them from the fields and drive them back again; when milked in the fields, to assist the maids in carrying the pails home: to feed the poultry and the pigs: to rise by day-break in spring, and go to the distant fields driving away the rooks from the spring-sown corn; and when in green ear, to take a pole while the morning dew yet lay on the grass so heavy that to walk through it was like wading through a streamlet, and, going round the unsown borders of the fields, to beat out from the hedge-rows the innumerable flocks of sparrows which assembled to invade the yet soft and resistless grain.

"By degrees he grew up from these buddings into more full-blown employments; becoming in turn a waggoner, a ploughman, a reaper—in short, considering his age, a pretty respectable master of most ordinary rural occupations.

"During this period, circumstances would sometimes occur which caused him to recollect his mother with regret, and to feel some anxiety about her ultimate fate; for it must be observed, that as Bilberry himself became more accustomed to the pleasures and comforts of his new life, he could not but contrast it the more strongly with what might be the unfortunate fate of her to whom he owed his existence. At the end of the first six months, which he recollected as the expiration of the period of Mrs. Thurland's confinement in the neighbouring town prison, he even ventured to indulge a thought that she might chance on her liberation to direct her steps the same way which he himself had taken after his own discharge from the police-office, and so perhaps again fall in his way while on her way through the village wherein he now resided.

"But this possibility, however pleasant for him to calculate on, never came to pass. The time went by, accumulating month on month, until the total improbability of her ever appearing in that quarter caused him gradually to think less of the circumstance, until at length he regarded it no more."

We hope that we have done justice to Bilberry Thurston. It is not a book to be recommended indiscriminately nor introduced into families.

Those who can read it with safety may perhaps be amused. The writer of these remarks has been disgusted rather than amused.

Mr. Midshipman Easy. By the author of **PETER SIMPLE.**
3 vols. post 8vo. Saunders & Otley.

CAPTAIN MARRYAT is a deserved favourite of the public. The many works which he has presented for the perusal of the novel-reading world have all been decided hits, and have won for him the reputation of being our best sea-novelist. The good qualities of his books up to the appearance of the present volumes have been progressive,—and consequently from the author of *Peter Simple* very much was expected; nor indeed, whatever blemishes the candid reviewer must point out, has the hope been disappointed. The tale is neither so full of incident, nor are the characters drawn with that force—nor indeed is the whole so well finished as *Peter Simple*; but with the exception of our

favourite, we have great pleasure in stating our conscientious opinion that Mr. Midshipman Easy is the best of the author's novels.

Captain Maryatt is not like many of his tribe of *littérateurs*, who write merely to amuse without a moral object. Each of his books has a distinct end in view; and in each he has considered a novel as a channel through which wholesome advice may be conveyed in a palatable form; and there is reason to believe that his writings have not only amused the public but have also done no small good to the navy. Whether or not "out and out radical" notions are gaining ground in the service we pretend not to know: if the abominations of radicalism are tainting the middies, all well and good; the equality mania must be written down: but, if not, why the gallant author has raised up a man of straw in order to knock him down. But to tell the truth we suspect him of aiming his shafts at civil as well as naval politics. Oh fie! Captain Marryat.—This is too bad! But to the story.

The hero, Jack Easy, is the son of a wealthy country gentleman imbued with the revolutionary notions of equality which prevailed in England at the close of the last century, which of course he is made by the author to express in so absurd and unlimited a manner as to make the reader laugh at Mr. Easy's expense. Jack, as tiresome and obstinate a little brat as ever sucked of a wet nurse, imbibes from his father at a very early period all his peculiar notions of equality; and it requires all the hard discipline detailed in these three volumes to knock them out of his noddle. His first acquaintance with school-discipline would, it is reasonably supposed, have opened the youngster's eyes: but no, not even his acquaintance with the watch-dog, the bull, and the beehive while robbing an orchard, to the fruit of which "in arguing the point" he claims an *equal* right with the owner, nor his ducking in the fish-pond when caught poaching on a neighbour's property, are sufficient to convince Master Jack of the untenableness of his position.

The theory of equality not being satisfactorily proved on land as far as his experience goes, he determines to try its truth at sea; and he accordingly asserts to his father, his right on the principle of equality of determining his own profession. The "point" is argued, and Jack prevails. By influence with a captain, fortunately for Jack, under pecuniary obligations to Mr. Easy, he is appointed midshipman on board the *Harpy*, and in due time he makes his way to Portsmouth. After enjoying his notions of equality by spending his money like a lord for three weeks, and after insulting the first lieutenant of his own ship (one of the best scenes in the book), he goes on board, and while in the service meets with a variety of adventures, particularly in the Mediterranean, on board, in engagements, and on shore, all of which tend to prove the invalidity of his favourite 'point.' Jack on the whole is a lucky fellow with his *ultra* notions to escape mast-heading or the bilbos. He gets married in the end to Donna Agnes, a Spanish lady, whom he had once released from a prize ship, and afterwards fallen in love with at Palermo. Mr. Easy senior becomes stark-mad with the equality mania and dies. Jack succeeds to eight thousand a year, leaves the navy, and becomes a country gentleman and a Conservative.

There are some admirably humorous scenes in these volumes, which might be extracted, if our space allowed and we did not wish to forestall the reader's pleasure. Jack's learning his alphabet with his mother and afterwards with the schoolmaster, the first interview between him and the lieutenant, Bigg's adventure at Gibraltar illustrative of "duty before decency," and the duel scene at Malta, are perhaps the best; but there are many others, at which we have laughed incontinently. The best drawn characters are Mesty, quite a bijou in his way, although a black diamond, Easthupp the purser's steward, cidevant pick-pocket, Talboys the mathematical gunner, and Gascoigne the firm friend and ally of Easy:—the foreigners are we think rather a failure.

After pointing out so much that is excellent in Mr. Midshipman Easy, we

may safely take up the pen to make some strictures on the book. We do not go the length of saying, with one of our great men, that he who would make a pun would pick a pocket; but we detest puns, except after dinner when a few glasses of wine have made us very amiable and easy to please. Written puns are absolutely intolerable:—need it be said, that such wretched traps for horse-laughers are quite unworthy of the acknowledged talents of Captain Marryat? But a much graver charge is that of representing the Roman religion and its priesthood in an odious light. Such bigotry is now quite *passé*, and can only serve to disgust the intelligent reader and injure the Captain's credit. The most rabid Orangemen could not paint more revolting scenes than are here given of the foul conduct of the Romish priesthood. The author may have his own opinions on these matters, and we will not 'argue the point;' but we question the good taste of dragging them before the public in a work of fiction.

Those of our readers who enjoy hearty merriment, *must* read these volumes.

Abbott's Works, Abridged, 5 pocket volumes. Allan Bell.

WE have heard some people talk against abridgments; but we never heard any better arguments brought by these fastidious gentry than by the acknowledged haters of improvement who talk against cheap literature—good and bad indiscriminately. Jacob Abbott, the Pestalozzi of America, has done much good to the world; and it is delightful to see a disposition on this side the channel to profit by his philanthropic labours. "The Young Christian" cut shorter—though not so nice a boy as his longer brother—is good for his size; and the miniature "Mother" and "Child" are large enough for those who do not need glasses to see them. We do not know prettier or cheaper—(we do not mean lower-priced, but better for the price) books than four of the volumes here noticed. We recommend in particular "The Mother at Home." Every mother might profit by reading it. Why has not "Abbott's Teacher" been included? It is quite as worthy of notice as the above, and would sell equally well, if skilfully abridged.

Bellchambers's Biographical Dictionary. 4 vols. 32mo.
320 portraits. A. Bell.

It is hardly necessary for us to inform our readers that the same degree of knowledge cannot be obtained from these as from the more bulky tomes of the "Biographia Britannica," Chalmers and Gorton; but at any rate we can recommend these portable little books as well calculated to supply their place, if not at hand; and so far as we have read, the particulars are stated with sufficient accuracy. It would have been well, if the compiler in his well-written preface had informed us of his authorities. This is due to the readers.

A few Remarks on our Foreign Policy. 8vo. pp. 59. RIDGWAY.

IF the reader will carry his memory twenty years back, and compare the interest excited by foreign news at different times during the intervening period, he cannot fail to remark that continental politics have occupied much less attention and excited less interest in the latter than the former half of the time mentioned. The reason is simply, that in the earlier period the attention of the nation was first necessarily and afterwards by policy drawn to the con-

sideration of foreign affairs by the ministers of the day, while the discussion of home-grievances was only occasionally and then feebly kept up by an insignificant minority in the legislature. The reverse has happened lately:—a long-continued peace has diverted our attention from the continent to the concerns of our own country;—public indignation has raised its voice against internal abuses, and reforms of our ecclesiastical, legislative, and executive departments have for the last six or eight years been themes of absorbing interest in and out of parliament to the exclusion of international politics. We quite agree with the writer of the pamphlet, that the extreme on either side is bad, and that if the foreign affairs of the British empire had been conducted with the same diplomatic tact and ability that characterises the policy of more than one of the continental courts, it would have been well for England. Lord Palmerston and all his train are quite inadequate to cope with the gigantic—we will not say, virtuously-motivated—diplomacy of a Nicholas, a Philippe, and a Metternich. Although we do not think with the author that our foreign policy could ever be managed, so as to be “totally independent of party politics”—we still contend for the necessity of reducing such transactions to something like a system, and of appointing to diplomatic stations abroad such persons as are fitted by a *special* education for the duties of their profession,—persons regularly examined and approved; and we doubt, whether any single individual is sufficient to manage the responsible business of the foreign office with satisfaction to himself and with benefit or credit to the nation.

Although we willingly concede to the author of these pages a claim to shrewdness and ingenuity, we do not agree in his conclusions respecting what ought to be our foreign policy; but, in order to express our objections properly, it will be at least fair to put our readers previously in possession of the views explained in the pamphlet.

In page forty we read as follows:—

“It has indeed long been evident to every one who has paid the least attention to the subject that henceforth the duty of a British statesman must be to counteract the designs of Russia. The only difference of opinion is respecting the best way of counteracting these designs, and an alliance with France has been much boasted of as the only effectual remedy to be employed. Now my firm conviction is, that not the least dependence can be placed on France; for, although it may be against her interests to suffer Russia to gain possession of Turkey (a point which, however, is very questionable), it would be equally against her interests to assist England in crushing that power. An ambitious French monarch would prefer allowing the czar to extend his dominions to *their natural limits*, provided he would allow him to do the same in regard to France, the *natural limits* of both countries to be defined of course according to circumstances. The interests of France are too diametrically opposed to those of England, and too susceptible of coalescing with those of Russia by means of a few mutual concessions, for a British minister to place the least confidence in the professions and promises of a Louis Philippe. If, then, no confidence can be placed in France,—if, in case of war, we are more likely to have France for an enemy than for an ally,—if, as I have attempted to show, it would be even better to have her for an enemy, where are we to seek for our allies? I answer that *on the one hand we ought to form the closest alliance with Spain and Portugal, which will enable us to keep France in check, and on the other hand with the German and Scandinavian states, which alliances will serve us equally against France and Russia. With Turkey, and the states of Central Asia, we ought to form more than an alliance—we ought to take them under our protection.* These are the only alliances we can form which can be grounded on mutual interests, and therefore the only durable ones. Spain has more to fear from France than from us, and to this is joined a national prejudice which the Spaniards have against the French, a prejudice which will always work in our favour, and which it will always be well to keep up. The

interests of the German states, and especially of Austria, are diametrically opposed both to those of France and Russia; and as the Germans can never become a maritime people, they are our most natural allies. We have nothing to fear from them: they have nothing to fear from us; whereas both we and they have every thing to fear from France as well as from Russia. Our present system of policy is directly the reverse of this, and we are alienating them by cultivating the friendship of their bitterest enemies, merely because their form of government is said to be similar to our own, although in spirit they differ as much as light from darkness. In forming alliances, it is, however, the most absurd thing in the world to pay the least attention to forms of government. Principles and forms of government ought not to have the least weight in questions of such vital importance. If it were for our interest, we ought to form an alliance with a Nero in one country, and with the most licentious democracy that ever existed in another. (!!!) Our alliances, in a word, ought to be founded on mutual interests, independent of all forms of government. Hence, as long as the world remains constituted as it is at present, whatever form or forms of government may exist in Germany, the Germans will always remain our most natural allies. And *although the interests of some of the German states may at times be opposed*, as those of Prussia and Austria for instance, still we may rest assured that English influence, properly directed, and divested of all party feeling and propagandism, would always be powerful enough to neutralise the elements of discord, and direct the united energies of the whole Teutonic race."

The author then is one of those tainted with Russo-phobia,—however much he admires the government and policy of that country, to the praise of which he devotes rather more than a fourth part of the pamphlet:—but he is no less strongly an anti-gallican,—nay, much more strongly, if his invectives against *la grande nation* are to go for any thing. Now we contend altogether against one of the principles assumed by the writer respecting a coalition against our *natural* enemies, disapproving of the use of the word "*natural*" as well as of the theory of "*immortal hate*" so confidently laid down as the basis of the whole argument; while at the same time we fully agree that no alliances can be durable that are not grounded on mutual interests, only we reserve to ourselves the power assumed by the author of deciding for ourselves what seems to be the interest of England at the present crisis. No interest appears to us as a stronger tie than mutual advantage, commercial advantage, one, by the way, quite overlooked by the pamphleteer, (who seems to consider the martial pride of England as of much higher value than the exalted station which she holds in the arts of peace :) and certainly to no foreign nation are we united by such strong ties of mutual commercial advantages as to France.

To contend that France has no interests in common with us, and no interests having for object the keeping down of Russian domination, is truly absurd; for the interests of both as the great providers and exporters of manufactured goods, which constitute the great wealth of the countries, render it absolutely necessary that peace should be maintained in Europe; and if the ambition of northern governments render war unavoidable, it cannot be otherwise than to the joint-interest with England and France to oppose their efforts with combined strength. This of course we mean in case that both countries should continue to improve progressively and alike in manufacturing skill: when the balance of interests is overturned, which we do not fear, our reasoning ceases to be applicable. It is not an uncommon error to forget the new principle, one of twenty years' growth, of commercial connexions between nations, and the writer of "*the remarks*" may well be excused; but we should be ill performing the duty of conscientious critics to our readers, if we did not expose the defect and at the same time point out what seems to us to be the most important feature and strongest tie of the league between us and France, including Spain and Portugal. It is to no purpose to urge objections to

Louis Philippe. France is tired of him already; and "*quam Deus vult perdere, prius dementat*," some act of Bourbon imbecility will soon banish, and if so, we trust for ever, banish him and his family from the throne of France. He has shown duplicity and falsehood in his dealings to the English; but he has not done less to those of his countrymen who handed him to the chair of state and secured it by their bravery. If the English are disgusted, France is much more so. The love of order is great in France; and the security for property consequent on civil order is most important. There is at present great prosperity in that country, abundant capital, and regular demand for labour, and very naturally there is an unwillingness to promote any great revolution. Yet, happen it will, it must ere long, and it will be the fault of the noble spirits of France if they again trust a family, not less baleful in their influence to that country than were the Stuarts to England. The intellectual majority of France agrees with that of England in the necessity of a mutual confidence, and although the baseness of its monarch may for a time give cause for a coolness between us, we are sure that no plausible reason can be assigned why we should abandon our present alliance, an alliance between nations not monarchs, in order to form one from which we cannot derive nearly the same commercial advantages, and which in a defensive point of view is both inconvenient as regards geographical position and inadequate in moral and physical strength for the required object. We leave the pamphlet for the reader's consideration.

The Great Teacher. By the Rev. J. HARRIS. 8vo. pp. 427. Ward.

THE present volume is fully worthy of the author of "*Mammon*." The writer of this notice, though quite unknown to this excellent minister, is well acquainted with his worth as a district-pastor, and can, from a knowledge of the high talent ordinarily displayed in his congregational ministrations at Epsom, vouch for the identity of mind with that so apparent in the volume now offered to the reader's notice. It would obviously be quite improper for a journalist who professes not to mix himself with any religious sect or party whatever, to give any lengthened notice of a work decidedly theological. We shall content ourselves with stating that the object of this treatise is "to point out and illustrate the leading features of Christ's divine instructions; from which it will appear that he was the best Teacher of his own religion, and that his own personal ministry, as recorded in the evangelical history, dwelt on all the essential doctrines of the Christian system, as afterwards explained in the apostolic writings;" that the ministry of our Lord Jesus Christ was authoritative—original—spiritual—tender—practical.

There are many beautiful and highly edifying portions of this work, which, if this were a theological miscellany, we should not hesitate to extract. We have read the work with attention; and we are sure that no person of right feeling can rise from the perusal without moral and religious improvement, even setting aside all sectarianism.

The Young Divine. By the Rev. W. FLETCHER. 24mo. Hailes.

THIS seems to be a well-compiled little book on the scriptures; but it is very inferior to that excellent little compendium "*The Companion to the Bible*," published by the Tract Society, of which the present seems to be a very humble imitation. The author wrote some good remarks on the late eclipse, and his success has tempted him to eclipse—if he could—a book that shines in spite of his minor fires. Credit would have been due to the author if the whole had been comprised in a sixpenny tract!

The Works of Sallust,—with notes, &c. By C. ANTHON, LL. D. of U. S. J. R. Priestley.

THE name of Dr. Anthon is well known in America as being connected

with the higher branches of classical education. Uniting a refined taste with a degree of erudition rare even in the mother-country, he has succeeded in establishing his reputation not only among his transatlantic brethren but among the literati of Europe. His revision of Lempriere's Classical Dictionary has given a real value to a work which was before full of errors, absurdities, and obscenities, and was therefore justly regarded with scorn and ridicule by intelligent teachers; and now Dr. Lempriere purged of his impurities may enjoy a green old-age. The benefits received by the *anglicizing* of Doëring's Horace so justly esteemed for its correct text and its elucidations of difficult passages entitle Dr. Anthon to still further praise. The American editor has selected his notes with much ability and written them without that silly parade of book-learning that marks most of the classical commentators. The Sallust, which is exclusively Dr. Anthon's, seems to be in every way worthy of the annotator of Horace. The text is that of Cortius, and is clearly and, as far as we have examined, correctly printed; and altogether the book is better *got up* than the Horace. The Jugurthine war *precedes* the Catiline conspiracy. The notes are concise and, generally speaking, satisfactory; though we scarcely see the need of giving such copious hints for translation particularly in cases where common sense suggests the real one without assistance. The life of Sallust is given in a dialogue between a tutor and his pupil. We are on the whole much pleased with this edition, which for its notes and its indexes, is decidedly superior to any other extant edition of Sallust; and it is to be hoped that its learned compiler will continue to apply himself to the labours that have won him so high and so just a reputation. Caesar's commentaries—so stupidly despised by many as an easy work for primary instruction—well deserve illustration on many accounts. Professor Anthon can do the work; and it is to be hoped that he will not disdain this labour of usefulness.

Progressive Exercises in English Grammar, in two parts 12mo.

By R. G. PARKER, M. A. J. R. Priestley.

Progressive Exercises in English composition. Do. Do.

Progressive Exercises in Rhetorical Reading. Do. Do.

THESE little volumes, (which we believe, take their origin from some works published in America), form together a series of lessons on English grammar and composition; and the style in which the whole is executed proves the compiler to be a sensible and experienced educationist. It is no slight praise to say that he has both widened and smoothed the entrance of the path to learning. We would not in favour of any book, whatever its merits, give up the principle, that *oral instruction is the only proper instruction for beginners*,—books at that stage being for TEACHERS not CHILDREN.

The exercises on Grammar are well drawn up and in the hands of a judicious teacher—illustrated by good oral instruction—will be found well to answer their object. We have tried them and can furnish good testimony. Of the exercises on composition, we can speak with unmingled praise. It is not enough to say that they are the best that we have,—for we have none worth mention: the book is fully effective both in suggesting ideas or pointing out the method of thinking, and also in teaching the mode of expressing ideas with propriety and elegance. With respect to the book of Rhetorical reading,—it may first be said that elocution is shockingly neglected in this country, and therefore that a book professing to teach the elements of this very necessary art ought to be patronised. How many drawlers do we hear in the pulpit, at the bar and in parliament, who for want of judicious instruction give utterance to bright and ingenious thoughts and beautiful language in a way that sends their hearers into profound slumber! This little book has been read by us with much attention. Without offending parliament-men or the clergy, we may at any rate recommend the *teachers* of the rising generation to school

themselves well in its principles, that they may be able to send forth worthy aspirants for the palm of eloquence. Mr. Parker has undoubtedly done the state much service.

Letters of Dr. Sigmond and Mr. Pettigrew, on the Management of the Charing-Cross Hospital, &c. Printed for circulation among the Governors and Subscribers of the Hospital, and among the medical profession generally.

It is the undoubted right of the conductor of a magazine to take cognizance of any pamphlets, though not regularly published, which affect the management of institutions, that concern the welfare of the London population, and especially of the poorer classes. Our readers will perhaps recollect that about eight years ago, we are not exact to a year, the Charing-Cross Hospital was built by subscriptions, which the personal exertions of Mr. Pettigrew and others had a great share in raising. Dr. Goulding, as the chief officer of a little dispensary in the neighbourhood, succeeded to the command-in-chief of the more ambitious establishment opposite Northumberland House, and Mr. Pettigrew, as surgeon of the same, became the surgeon of the Hospital. We have carefully watched the Charing-Cross Hospital since its establishment, and have had many reasons during the observation of five or six years to designate its management as quite *select* (more vulgarly speaking, hole-and-corner); a fault that belongs to certain charitable institutions in other parts of the town. With respect to Mr. Pettigrew's affair with Mr. Howship we shall say nothing, however much might be said on either side: *sub judice lis est*. The profession will determine the matter. Of the treatment of Mr. Pettigrew by Dr. Goulding's Committee, we hesitate not to say that it is most scandalous and ought to be redressed by the governors. Dr. Sigmond, who as a professional gentleman always held a highly respectable station, has written a letter so beautifully, splendidly composed that it can only be answered by the aid of a Junius. Will Dr. Goulding assume the toga of the British Gracchus? At any rate the cruelties, the miserable pinching economies of this hospital, deserve to be exposed. The governors do not know the truth. They must be awakened; and THE PLACE MUST BE PURGED.

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

HAYMARKET.—This theatre, which is one of the most compact in London, and admirably adapted for the representation of those dramas founded on real life and giving "the living manners as they rise," commenced its season (April 25th) with a Ballet! If any of our readers can fancy a quadrille danced in a sentry-box, they can form some idea of what a ballet, even with Perrot and Taglioni, must be like when compressed within the diminutive space of this small and unpretending stage. "Zulema" was the name of this ballet, which was composed with considerable skill by the veteran D'Egville, and presented an effective corps, among whom were Mdle. Josephine Dance and M. Gilbert. No expense was spared in the getting up of this oriental spectacle. All the appointments were splendid in the extreme; even the supernumeraries were appropriately habited with eastern pomp, and every figurante glittered with the brilliant trappings of that sun-lit clime. The applause was unbounded, and consequently another ballet was immediately put in active rehearsal.

In the same week a one-act trifle, called "My Husband's Ghost,"

made its appearance. The author, Mr. Morton, jun., convinced us of his thorough acquaintanceship with the jokes and bon-mots of Mr. Joseph Miller. We never heard so many in so short a time. The acting of Buckstone however was spirited, and a few of the situations were ludicrous. These, combined with a vast proportion of good-nature on the part of the audience, rendered the farce successful. A very silly affair, entitled "Railroads for ever," was the next novelty. It was not quite bad enough to excite any animosity, so it was suffered to pass off quietly. The author is unknown.

May 24.—Poole's drama of "Atonement" was performed. It was skilfully adapted from the French, but the subject was too unnatural and improbable to excite either interest or sympathy. Managers and authors have yet to learn that details of disgusting profligacy, however highly wrought, or placing a young female in a situation too revolting to contemplate, are not sources of enjoyment to an audience. After lingering a few nights it was suddenly withdrawn. Another adaptation from the French, but of a very "different order," was performed for the first time on June 9, entitled "The Ransom," translated by Mrs. Planché. It was a domestic drama, possessing throughout situations of intense interest. Miss Ellen Tree's performance of the heroine was replete with talent. It is one of the gems of histrionic art, and must be seen to be appreciated. Every passion she portrayed so admirably came from the heart, and the female portion of the audience acknowledged her appeals by the silent approvals of continued tears. The piece was completely successful, and had a long run.

Soon after this, a pretty little ballet, called "The Secret Marriage," made its appearance, and was well received.

This was succeeded by a very laughable one-act piece, entitled "Make your Wills," proceeding from the authors of "The Barbers at Court." There was an abundance of good jokes scattered throughout, which the actors evidently appreciated, for they made them all tell. Roars of laughter attended the piece from the beginning to the conclusion, when it was announced for repetition amidst the cheers of the audience.

After immense preparations and considerable expenditure, Miss Ellen Tree made her bow in "Ion." After Macready's impassioned and truly classical performance this was a daring attempt; but Miss Tree passed through the ordeal without even endangering the high reputation she had previously acquired. Although not possessed of every requisite for so arduous a part, she possesses some so pre-eminently as to entitle her to be pardoned for the temerity of the undertaking. She is elegant, graceful, and beautiful. Ion is a youth of eighteen, most amiable, self-sacrificing, and exemplary, and if at times Miss Tree's performance lacked vigour and firmness, those portions not requiring such fierce exertions were portrayed so exquisitely as to merit the highest degree of praise. The sweet youthful voice, the variety and gracefulness of action, and the pure melody of the beautiful blank verse she gave utterance to, went, as it were, linked together charmingly. All were in tasteful unison—harmonizing beauteously—like Sylvan scenery adorning the banks of a bright and winding river.

Vandenhoff personated Adrastus, which he got through respectably. Would we could say as much for the rest. With the exception of Haines, in Agenor, nothing could be worse. Vining, in Ctesiphon, "tore a passion to tatters" as a red Indian would a wild cat; nor was his brother much more subdued in Phocion. Medon, the high priest, was murdered by Selby, while Cleon, the sage, enacted by Gough, tipped Sergeant Talfourd's verse with a rich fringe of Munster dialect that convinced us the Argive sage must have vegetated at some period of his life in the neighbourhood of Tipperary.

Notwithstanding these blemishes, the tragedy brought a great deal of money to the treasury, and was played three times a week for a long while, and still continues to be attractive.

August 11.—At the early hour of eleven o'clock at night, when the audience had been well wearied out by "The Tempest" and "The Youthful Queen" (seven acts!) a new musical drama, entitled "Second Sight, a Tale of the Highlands," was presented for approval. Mrs. W. Clifford played a *spae Wife*, and elicited bursts of well-merited applause. Sinclair sung some Scotch melodies very sweetly, and was rapturously encored, but the piece was a full hour too long, nor was the interest sufficiently strong throughout. It consequently sunk gently into the arms of oblivion, and was instantly withdrawn. It proceeded from the pen of Mr. Ryan, who has written some successful farces. We recommend him to forswear the pathetic and stick to jocularly; it will be pleasanter, and more profitable.

September 15.—A beautifully written and deeply tragic drama, called "The Cavalier," was performed with very equivocal success. Audiences, it must be confessed, are at times very capricious; sometimes the stage cannot be too thickly strewed with dead bodies to please them, while at other times they manifest a delicate distaste of the unnecessary waste of human life. In the present case poison and steel were both pressed into the service to bring about the catastrophe, and the audience would not tolerate either. The hisses rose from the pit like mist from a canal, and formed a most inharmonious accompaniment to the dying agonies of the Cavalier. The *denouement* was altered after the first night, and the piece was made to end happily. The performers exerted themselves greatly, particularly Vandenhoff and Miss Ellen Tree.

We sincerely regret the ill success of this drama, which certainly might have been conceived and executed with better taste, and a greater regard to the delicacies and decencies of life, for it contained several forcible passages and many imaginative speeches of considerable talent, which were skilfully constructed, developing, in an eminent degree, originality of genius and variety of intellectual acquirement.

We cannot close this article without stating that the manager of this theatre has entered into a new arrangement with dramatic authors, namely, not to remunerate them until *after* the third night of their productions. It is clear that the bargain is all on the manager's side, and that he can thus make an experiment with an author's property, getting, perhaps, three good money-houses, and then withdrawing his piece to save paying for it; this is a certain result; the tempta-

tion is too great to be resisted in every case, except where an author can take the town by storm—an event about as likely to happen as the advent of a second Shakspeare.

ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.—This republic commenced their campaign with a very pathetic drama, entitled "Lucille," in which Mrs. Keeley sustained the heroine with a degree of talent scarcely inferior to that displayed by that consummate mistress of melo-drama Miss Kelly. It was eminently successful; and the author, Bernard, was immediately installed writer to the theatre, to the exclusion of almost every other dramatic scribe.

"The Huguenots," divested of the fine music which rendered it so successful in Paris, was the next novelty. This ingenious arrangement was mercilessly driven from the stage, and made way for another failure, christened "The Witch's Son." It was a powerful narcotic—lingered a few nights, and gave place to "The Man about Town," a broadly humorous one-act drama by the pet author Bernard. Wrench, in the hero, was irresistibly ludicrous, but the part was intended for John Reeve. Another farce from the same pen followed as quickly as possible; this was "The Middy Ashore," which, to say the best of it, was a sad mass of low sea-slang and vulgarity. The Middy was enacted by Mrs. Keeley with great spirit and animation, and met with great applause from—the galleries! Pathos now being wanted, the stock-author soon accommodated them with a ladle-full of the pathetic, in the shape of three lugubrious acts, called "The Farmer's Story." The miseries entailed by both wealth and want were lavishly bandied about in every scene. If calamity could afford an audience a solid entertainment, there was variety sufficient to satisfy the most fastidious stomach. A little change being thought desirable, young Oxberry was permitted to indulge the town with a new version of a very old piece, called "Matthew Falconi," which was better done at the Queen's Theatre a couple of years ago. Then came "Mrs. White," a broad one-act farce by Raymond, which afforded some ludicrous situations and droll incidents. This lasted somewhat longer than its noisy companion, "The Rebel Chief," a glorious compound of all the trumpery of modern melo-drama, which no degree of human forbearance could endure. Equally as bad, but of a different order of trash, was what was intended for a burlesque on "Theseus and Ariadne." This truly elegant production could only have been understood in a penny theatre in St. Giles's. At length De Pinna's opera of "The Rose of Alhambra," which had been a long while in preparation, was produced with a most effective vocal company. The Choruses were superbly executed, and Wilson and Miss Sheriff, in the tenor and soprano parts, exerted themselves greatly, and ensured the success of the opera. As an opera containing one or two pleasing melodies, many passages of grace and lightness, and several concerted pieces conceived very tastefully and combining a thorough knowledge of the capabilities of the instruments written for, the composer is entitled to great merit.

Peake, whose talents as a dramatist have been rapidly declining, favoured the public with a dying struggle. He brought forward his

"Dishonoured Bill," which *bill* was not accepted by the audience, it was *protested* against and *returned* to the *drawer* after a few nights. It has, however, been brought forward again, and is occasionally acted.

A new grand opera founded on Lord Byron's *Corsair*, and entitled "The Pacha's Bridal," the music by F. Romer, the brother of the vocalist, was received with more favour than it merited; there is a want of originality throughout; the melodies, such as they are, all strike upon the ear like old acquaintances, and in the concerted piece noise is the substitute for sense. The fine story of the *Corsair* is made sad havoc with. All those splendours with which the poem was so richly studded, the dramatist has omitted altogether, and rendered all the characters as amiable as the members of a Temperance Society. From this charge Conrad must be exempted. He is transformed into a jovial Bacchanalian, partial to the substantial joys of the wine-cup, and perfectly devoid of that tender and romantic interest with which the highly-gifted bard invested him. As the object of this dramatist has been to transmogrify as much as possible every well-known character in the poem, we suggest to him the adoption of a similar course in future. Could he not turn "Richard the Third" into a pastoral opera, or make "Henry the Eighth" a singing misanthrope? From the specimen now before us, there can be no question of his success.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

August 27.—"A cat of nine tails was turned out among other broken and worn-out instruments of war from the Tower."—*Morning Chronicle*.

This gentle persuader to propriety of conduct was very improperly presented to one of the by-standers, who, on beholding it, started back a pace or two, and made an extemporaneous oration in the style of the late Mr. Wilberforce; after which display of eloquence he was suffered to pocket "the cat," and depart to his domicile. Now all this was manifestly wrong. The instrument in question should most assuredly have been wrapped up and forwarded by a special messenger to Sir John Cam Hobhouse to place among his curiosities. It would have awakened in him a series of agreeable reflections on his consistency of conduct in parliament when the abolition of flogging was canvassed in that assembly of talkers. Sir John, when "out of place," thought it an implement too barbarous for the backs of his countrymen, and spoke and voted accordingly. But now that he is "in place," he is decidedly of opinion that it is a very agreeable recreation, and extremely salutary to the constitution of the unhappy victim who is doomed to wince under its torture. Alas, for the Westminster radical candidate!—quantum mutatus ab illo—Hectore qui redit exuvias indutus Achillis!!

September 1st.—"At Nantes, in the south of France, a man was sentenced to be executed, but the fatal termination to his career could not be carried into effect on account of the guillotine being out of order, and no carpenter could be found to repair it, although a large sum was offered by way of remuneration."—*French Paper*.

This occurrence is particularly distressing. Either the people at

Nantes are remarkably loyal, and having been apprised of the fate of our first Charles do not wish to facilitate the *exit* from existence of their own unpopular monarch by similar means, or they are particularly disaffected to their sovereign, and deeming it absolutely certain that he will shortly call the guillotine into action they do not wish to lend a helping hand to the annihilation of political victims. Adversity, though it could not teach this trickstering Janus-faced king, Louis Philippe, wisdom, yet contrived to teach him several useful trades, by means of which, at the most creditable period of his life, he procured his daily subsistence. Doubtless he knew enough of the carpenter's business to have repaired this instrument of death. Why did not the people of Nantes send for him? the employment would have been most congenial to his taste and habits. Every nail he drove in he would have considered an additional safeguard to his throne, and when his royal labour was finished he would have taken out his wages from the blood of his fellow-citizens.

September 2.—PHILPOTTS, BISHOP OF EXETER, MAKES A VISITATION TOUR THROUGH CORNWALL.—It is universally reported that during this "clerical progress" the exemplary bishop has unreservedly stated to his clergy that they are possessed of the full power to forgive sins. This doctrine must be remarkably comforting to the majority of their parishioners, who, if they can be supplied with absolutions on moderate terms, will doubtless be regular quarterly customers to the absolver. Should this delectable plan be carried into effect, we recommend bishop Philpotts when he returns to London to draw up a scale of prices for permission to commit every variety of peccadillo, and to get it well circulated among the self-indulgent scions of the aristocracy, from whom a large income could be derived.

September 3.—Mr. Duncombe, say the tory prints, has received the appointment of Superintendent of the Foreign Letter Department in the Post Office, and in consequence there will be a vacancy in the representation of the Borough of Finsbury. The *Standard* recommends Mr. Horseley Palmer or Mr. Masterman, or any other distinguished conservative banker or merchant, to stand for Finsbury. This advice is remarkably judicious and rational. The tories are no doubt great friends of "the circulating medium," especially when it can be turned into their own pockets; and who could be more effective to set it in full operation for so desirable an end than some "conservative banker or merchant," whose coffers are well filled, starting on the hard gallop for the Borough of Finsbury? The tory prints have no doubt already calculated how much they should make by his long-winded advertisements about fidelity to the constitution, veneration for the church, and attachment to the state, and every other respectable establishment that is sufficiently superannuated to have engendered abuses of every description. As we live in a commercial country, and as the advice given has been bestowed in the true spirit of trade, we regret that the opportunity is not afforded to the "conservative banker or merchant" to make a first-rate noodle of himself.

September 5.—This day's newspapers inform us that—

"The epicures of Vienna are in great spirits at the premium offered by go-

vernment for the importation of foreign wines, at very moderate duties, into the Austrian dominions. Champaign, which has been hitherto unapproachable, may then be had cheaply."

We are very fearful that this new enactment will militate greatly against the sober habits of the good people of Vienna. As Englishmen are remarkably fond of interfering in every thing that does not at all concern them, we have great hopes that a public meeting will be called to enter into a series of resolutions to enforce sobriety in this distant capital. Surely Mr. Buckingham, who is always on the high scramble for notoriety, will not suffer this opportunity to slip by him. It must occur to him that to have ten thousand copies of the parliamentary report made by his committee on drunkenness printed in two or three languages and circulated throughout Vienna would be the best means of annihilating the forth-coming evil. This would be an expensive proceeding, but what of that? there are always to be found in London people with empty heads and full pockets who are suffered to walk about *keeperless*, and who can be turned to capital account by every confident pretender who will take the trouble to mystify them. This *useful* class of the community would soon become extinct if it were not for the patronage bestowed upon them by those who have the good taste to appreciate what they possess, and never neglect them while their infatuation and money last.

September 7.—CABINET-MAKING IN FRANCE.—The Parisian *Moniteur* of this date furnishes us with the following list of the new French ministry:—

"Count Molé is to be Minister of Foreign Affairs; M. Persil, Justice; Admiral de Rosamel, Marine; M. de Gasparin, Interior; M. Guizot, Public Instruction; M. Duchatel, Finance."

In that useful branch of political machinery, namely the manufacturing of a cabinet, Louis Philippe does not appear to be remarkably felicitous. The materials he selects do not remain dove-tailed together very long; they become slippery, then get loose, and finally divide, and split away altogether, leaving the discomfited workman in the lurch, who has again to look around him for fresh timber to work with. These, if difficult to manage, are dismissed in turn, and thus every six months (we had almost said six weeks) France affords the enlivening spectacle of a new ministry. The vacillating and insincere sovereign is now reaping the reward of his interminable duplicity, and a pleasant time we should suppose he must have of it. If, as Shakspeare says, "There is a divinity that doth hedge a king," the Gallic king we suspect must be so close to the *hedge* as to be tolerably well pricked by the thorns. The *gang* of councillors he has in this last instance gathered round him are the most inimical to liberty he could possibly have selected. They are a knot of senators worth gold or diamond to any northern despot.

The French, it is true, have been literally surfeited with revolutions and the convulsions consequent on acts of tyranny and oppression; yet should the monarch and his "heaven-born ministers" goad the people by some gross act of aggression, either *the kingly days of Louis Philippe are numbered* or France in the eyes of Europe will be shorn of the last feeble glory that still clings to her, and sink at once into a cowardly and crouching mendicant, without internal spirit,

exhibiting her strength as only capable of being called into action when elicited, and cheered up by the frightful stimulus of immediate plunder.

September 8.—“Wanted immediately, some barristers called to the bar of England.”

The natives of New South Wales are supposed to be the very lowest in point of intellect and capacity of any earthly creatures ; and we are inclined to imagine that from the frequent intercourse that takes place between the aborigines and the European settlers the latter must have been inoculated with the imbecility of the former to have issued an advertisement like the above. Poor misguided beings ! they absolutely ask for lawyers as they would for an article of sustenance. Are they really so weary of peace and fire-side comfort that they wish for an importation of the typhus ? Will no other excitement satisfy them less than the pestilence ? If not it must be shipped off to them ; they must be left to their fate after being indulged with a gift very much resembling a Macadamized road to destruction. It is however only an act of justice to the new country that England, which is at present crammed to repletion by a legal population, should allow a handsome drawback on every self-transporting barrister, which system is pursued with every species of goods it is deemed a decided benefit to the country to get rid of. In this case there could not be two opinions on the subject, that is, on this side of the walls of Bedlam and St. Luke's.

September 15.—“A Temperance Hotel has been opened at Worcester.”—*Diurnal Press*.

This must be a very satisfactory announcement to the lovers of sobriety, and proves most incontestably “the march of virtue” in the city of Worcester. It is a pity that the prints communicating this gratifying fact do not apprise us as to whether the public pumps have been supplied with ladles to induce the commonalty to imbibe the pure fluid in a reputable manner. How the hotel in question is to pay rent and taxes if a little incidental drunkenness is not cultivated is rather problematical. Do the proprietors ever mean to allow any public dinners in the house ? If so, but few will go to them unless they are allowed the tomfoolery of making speeches afterwards, and this generally takes place when each man has deposited the contents of at least one bottle under his waistcoat-band. Moreover, is loyalty to be restrained by toast and water ? We hope not. This is a land of liberty, and it has already been decided by the House of Commons that the English people shall not be compelled to be sober by act of parliament. But we live in strange times when the strides to perfection and moral purity are absolutely gigantic ; for a contemporary print informs us that “at Margate the public pumps are ordered to be locked during divine service.”

September 23rd.—“A large public meeting was held at Bradford for the purpose of forwarding the claims of the American negroes to the rights of emancipation. After many eloquent speeches a spirited and elegantly written re-

monstrance to the people of the United States, deprecating Slavery and its concomitant evils, was unanimously adopted."—*Halifax Express*.

The people of Bradford are no doubt very well meaning, and possess philanthropical feelings in a pre-eminent degree; but they must have deluded themselves most grossly if they thought their "eloquent speeches, and elegantly written remonstrance," was a royal road to put an end to the slave trade. We have no doubt that every individual went home with the firm conviction that he was a great liberator. These proceedings make the mother-country look awfully absurd in the eyes of the Americans.

VARIETIES,

SCIENTIFIC AND AMUSING.

Advance of the Russian Frontier.—The Russian frontier has been advanced towards Berlin, Dresden, Munich, Vienna, and Paris, about 100 miles, towards Constantinople 500 miles, towards Stockholm about 630 miles, and towards Teheran 1000 miles.

American Canals.—The aggregate length of the canals in the United States is 3,000 miles, 678 of which are in New York, 817 in Pennsylvania, 516 in Ohio, 340 in Maryland and Pennsylvania, 100 in New Jersey, 100 in Louisiana, and 100 in South Carolina.

Population of Russia.—At the accession of Peter the First in 1689, the population of the Russian empire was fifteen millions. At the accession of Catherine the Second in 1762, it amounted to twenty-five millions; at her death in 1796, to thirty-six millions; at the death of the Emperor Alexander in 1825 to fifty-eight millions.

Increase of Russia.—The acquisitions of Russia from Sweden are greater than what remains of that kingdom. Her acquisitions in Poland are nearly equal to the Austrian empire. Her acquisitions from Turkey in Europe are of greater extent than the Prussian dominions. Her acquisitions from Turkey in Asia are nearly equal in dimensions to the whole of the smaller states of Germany. Her acquisitions from Persia are equal in extent to England. Her acquisitions in Tartary have an area not inferior to Turkey in Europe, Greece, Italy, and Spain.

English in France.—The following official returns made by the prefects of police up to August 25, 1836, give the number of English resident in France.

In Paris, Versailles, St. Cloud, St. Germain, and environs, 20,000 to 25,000.

In Boulogne sur Mer, and environs, 10,000 to 12,000.

In Calais, the Bas Ville, and environs, 5000 to 7000.

In St. Omer, Cassel, and environs, 1000 to 1500.

In Dunkirk, Bergues, and environs, 1500 to 2000.

In Dieppe, Havres, Rouen, Caen, Tours, Marseilles, Bordeaux, &c., 6000 to 7000.

Total about 54,000.

Rain.—The accurate Rain Gauge of Mr. Thom of Rothsay, presents the following: Average of ten years previous to 1835—46.12 inches; of 1835—52.40 inches; in July, 1836—7.50 inches.

Steam Plough.—Lord Henniker recently received a letter from a friend in Lincolnshire, informing him that in that neighbourhood a steam plough was in use which would harrow thirty acres, and plough eight acres per day.

Rail-Roads in Russia.—In October next a rail-road will be opened from St. Petersburg to Zarskojesilo and Pawnosk, and in the spring two others are to be commenced from the capital to the imperial residences of Peterhoff and Oranienbaum. Mr. Gerstner the engineer, who has visited England, is of opinion some sort of brush or scraper should be attached to the front of the engine to clear the rails from any accidental dust, small stones, or other obstructions.

There has been just shipped at Newcastle a locomotive engine for St. Petersburg, and Pawlowski rail-way, which, after a trial of speed, was found to exceed sixty-five miles within the hour.

New Indian Rupee.—By a regulation lately passed a perfect assimilation in weight and fineness has been effected in

this unit of currency of the three Presidencies, so that the rupee of Upper India, of Madras, and of Bombay, are the same in value (about 1s. 10d.) Weight 180 grains, standard quality.

Hotel with Banking Privileges.—An hotel has recently been erected in New Orleans, the proprietors of which are an incorporated company with banking privileges, and a capital of two millions and a half.

Leghorn, which since 1593 possessed the privilege of being a place of asylum for foreign bankrupts, where, by an ancient law, they were free from all pursuits of creditors, no longer affords this shelter, the law having been lately abolished by the Grand Duke of Tuscany. In Nice also a similar privilege existed which has also been done away with.

Jamaica.—The principal merchants of this island are about to establish a local bank with a capital of £300,000 currency.

City of London School.—This building, situate on the site of Honey Lane market, proceeds rapidly. It is expected to be opened in January. The course of education will be similar to that of King's College or the London University schools.

The Press in Russia.—The Emperor of Russia, on the proposition of the governor-general of the provinces of Caucasus, Georgia, and the governments beyond the Caucasus, has permitted the establishment of a printing-office at Teflis, and the commencement of a newspaper called "The Trans-Caucasian Journal."

Russian Recruits.—The imperial Ukase, lately published respecting the levy of recruits for the army to protect the frontiers of the empire, states, that if they all arrive in good health at the place of their destination, their amount will be 125,000 men, which will be in the proportion of five men out of every thousand.

Sugar from Beet-Root.—At Quedlinbourg a process has been discovered by Messrs. Fies and Stanersald of extracting, in twelve hours, pure and crystallized sugar from the pulp of beet-root, in the proportion of ten pounds of sugar to one hundred pounds of beet-root.

Aurora Australis.—The Hobart Town Courier states that on the evening of the 23d of April last, the whole south-western quarter of the heavens was brilliantly illuminated. The Aurora Australis shooting up in coruscations more than sixty degrees from the horizon.

Remains of Offa, king of Mercia.—The coffin containing these has recently been discovered in Hemel Hempstead churchyard. The inscription was much effaced, but

was sufficiently legible to prove the identity of the bones it contained, which immediately crumbled into dust on being exposed to the air. The coffin was of stone very curiously carved.

Education and Crime.—The chaplain of the House of Correction in Coldbath Fields, states, in a report to the magistrates of Middlesex, the following results of an enquiry into the extent of education among a certain number of prisoners:—Of 667 prisoners, viz. 701 males, and 266 females, it appears that those

Uneducated, first imprisonment,	amounted to	56
Imprisoned before	48	
		104
Educated, first imprisonment	646	
Imprisoned before	217	
		863

967

The education which the prisoners had received, refers, of course, to the manual arts of reading and writing—which are the tools of knowledge, not knowledge itself.

The prevalent causes of crime are—

1. Deficient education, early loss of parents, and consequent neglect.
2. Few convicts have ever learned a regular trade, and if they were bound to any apprenticeship, they have abandoned it before their time had lawfully expired.
3. School education is, with most convicts, very deficient, or entirely wanting.
4. Intemperance, very often the consequence of loose education, is a most appalling source of crime.

Education in the United States.—Education is nearest the heart of every American citizen impressed with a love of his country. Yet there still exists not only a great reluctance on the part of parents to send their children to schools (an unwillingness felt in common with the uneducated parents of the Vaterland), but also a real want of schools and teachers. To remedy the former evil, a society, under the name of "American School Agents' Society," has been formed for sending agents in various directions into the interior, for the purpose of persuading parents and guardians of the utility of education, and improving schools. According to authentic accounts, the number of children in America deprived of education, is about equal to that of those who obtain it. More than 1,000,000 is stated to be the number of the former. Of these, 250,000 are to be found in Pennsylvania, 18,000 in the State of New York (13,000 also in the city of New York). In Indiana, it is

contended, there are 22,000 children; and in Illinois, 20,000, who cannot read; and nearly the same number of full-grown persons in the same situation. New Jersey has 11,500 children without any kind of education; and in Kentucky, in 1833, about one-third of all the children were in the same lamentable condition.

Public Charities the cause of Pauperism and Mendicity.—"In some countries, public charities have become a political curse—a social evil of such momentous importance, that illustrious and humane statesmen have declared their conviction, that all provisions by law, for the relief of the poor and suffering, ought to be annulled. Pauperism has been nursed and pampered by some of the nations of Europe, until it has got to be like a sturdy beggar, demanding alms with a club in his hand, and ready to prostrate the richer class, if it hesitate to grant what is considered, not as charity, but as right. Public charity has become the curse of England, and one of the greatest impediments in the way of her reform is the

hideous mass of pauperism, which has been fostered and increased by the very means intended to check it. . . . In this country we have not yet tasted the bitter fruits of this system; but its seeds are sown, and we must leave more to private charity, and less to public provision; we must depend more upon personal and discretionary effort, and less upon regular establishments, if we would avoid the evils brought upon older countries. Pauperism is rapidly increasing in the United States, and it is a question of serious political import how it shall be treated. Unfortunately, there is but little probability of its being decided aright, for it will not be rightly discussed. The vast majority of persons will treat it as they do every other difficult question—dodge it—get round it, somehow or other; and, instead of removing the cause of pauperism, strive to get the immediate objects out of sight, by thrusting them into almshouses, infirmaries, hospitals, and houses of refuge." — *New England Journal*, 1834.

Stature and Weight of Men at different Ages.—The following Table, a result of observations made on the stature and weight of the inhabitants of Brussels, may serve as an approximation for the Caucasian race in a temperate climate.

AGES.	MALES.		FEMALES.	
	Stat. in feet.	Weight in pounds.	Stat. in feet.	Weight in pounds.
0	1.64	7.06	1.61	6.42
1	2.3	20.84	2.26	19.39
2	2.6	25.0	2.56	23.5
3	2.83	27.5	2.8	26.0
4	3.04	31.4	3.0	28.7
5	3.23	34.8	3.2	31.67
6	3.43	38.8	3.38	35.29
7	3.62	43.0	3.56	38.68
8	3.8	45.8	3.74	42.08
9	4.0	49.9	3.92	47.1
10	4.18	54.08	4.09	51.87
11	4.36	59.77	4.26	56.57
12	4.54	65.77	4.44	65.77
13	4.72	75.8	4.6	72.65
14	4.9	85.5	4.77	80.9
15	5.07	88.7	4.92	89.04
16	5.23	109.55	5.04	96.09
17	5.36	116.56	5.1	104.34
18	5.44	127.59	5.1	112.55
19	5.49	132.46	5.16	115.3
20	5.51	138.79	5.17	117.51
30	5.52	140.38	5.18	119.82
40	5.53	140.42	5.18	121.81
50	5.49	139.96	5.04	123.86
60	5.38	136.07	4.97	119.76
70	5.32	131.27	4.97	113.6
80	5.29	127.54	4.94	108.88
90	5.29	127.54	4.94	108.82

Hence may be drawn the following conclusions:—1st. That, at an equality of age, the male is generally heavier than the female; towards the age of twelve

years only, an individual of either sex has the same weight. 2nd. That the male attains the maximum weight about the age of forty years, and that he begins to lose in a very sensible measure, towards his sixtieth year; that at the age of eighty years, he has lost about 13.23lbs., the stature being also diminished 2.75 inches. 3rd. That the female attains the maximum weight later than the male. 4th. That when the male and female have assumed their complete development, they weigh almost twenty times as much as at the moment of their birth, while their stature is only about $3\frac{1}{2}$ beyond what it was at the same period. With regard to the continuance of growth in persons of different temperaments, it is remarked, that it

ceases soonest in the most excitable habits, because in them the excitability will soonest be reduced to a due balance with the stimulants of life. Thus it seems to be that the growth of women, who are more excitable than men, generally stops sooner, and consequently that they are of shorter stature, large women for the most part having less of the habit peculiar to the sex; and that by far the greater number of the most excitable men who, in consequence of this constitution, make the greatest figure in their day, are men of short stature, while giants are generally of an opposite habit of body. There must, of course, to such rules be many exceptions.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Shortly will be published, *The London Medical Magazine and Review*; Edited by T. J. Pettigrew, F.R.S., F.S.A., F.L.S., &c. This Magazine will consist of, 1, Original Communications, Essays, Reports of Cases, &c.; 2. Analytical Reviews of Medical Publications; 3. Foreign Medical Literature; 4. Reports of Lectures, Medical and Physical Intelligence, Sketches of the Hospitals, Metropolitan, Provincial, and Foreign; 5. Collectanea; 6. Miscellaneous Intelligence, Bills of Mortality, Meteorology, List of New Publications, &c. Occasional Plates, Lithographic Sketches, Wood-Cuts, &c., will be given, and the First Number will appear on the 1st of January, 1837, and the succeeding ones on the first day of each month, price 2s. Published by H. Dixon, at the Office, No. 108, Fleet Street.

In the Press, and will be Published next Month, *Facts and Observations on the Efficacy of Galvanism, in the Cure of Indigestion, Torpid and Obstructed Liver and Bowels, Asthma, &c. &c.* Third Edition.

The History of, and Chemical and Medical Powers of Galvanism in Chronic Diseases. Third Edition. By M. La Beaume, Medical Galvanist to the King, F.L.S., Member of the Medico-Philanthropic Society of Paris, &c.

Just Published, *Guy's Hospital Reports*, Vol. I. 1836. 8vo. 12s. 6d.

Johnson on Indigestion. Ninth Edition, 8vo. 6s. 6d.

Johnson on Tropical Climates. Fifth Edition, 8vo. 18s.

Messrs. Orr and Smith will very shortly publish an entirely new edition of White's "*Natural History of Selborne*," with upwards of 200 beautiful wood-cut illustrations, by Bonner. The Notes are by Mr. Blyth. Fcap 8vo.

In the Press, and nearly ready, "*Select Portions of Blackstone's Commentaries on the Laws of England*," designed as a class-book for the use of Schools, with an Introduction, Notes, and Analysis. By Samuel Warren, of the Inner Temple, Esq., F. R. S.

Preparing for Publication, "*A History of the British Museum*," containing an Analysis of its Contents, with Biographical Sketches of the Officers of the Establishment, and a Digest of the Evidence before the House of Commons. By John Millard.

"*Lays of Poland*," by the Author of "*The Sea Wolf*." Smith and Elder.